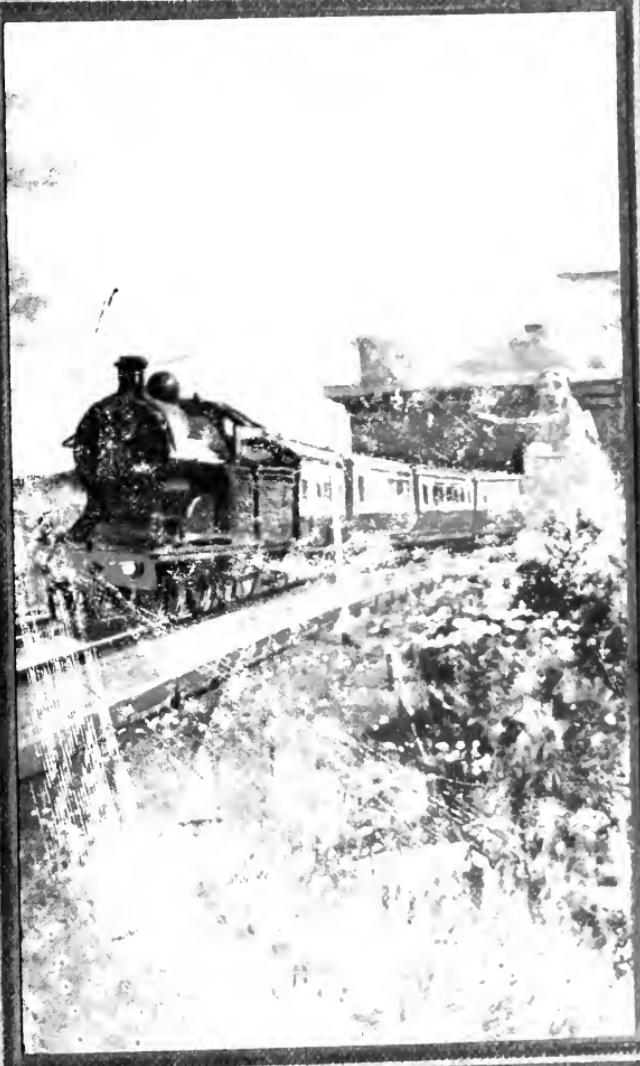


LONDON · AND · NORTH · WESTERN



PEEPS AT GREAT RAILWAYS

914.2 Todd

London and North Western

Railway

REFERENCE Rec
7808

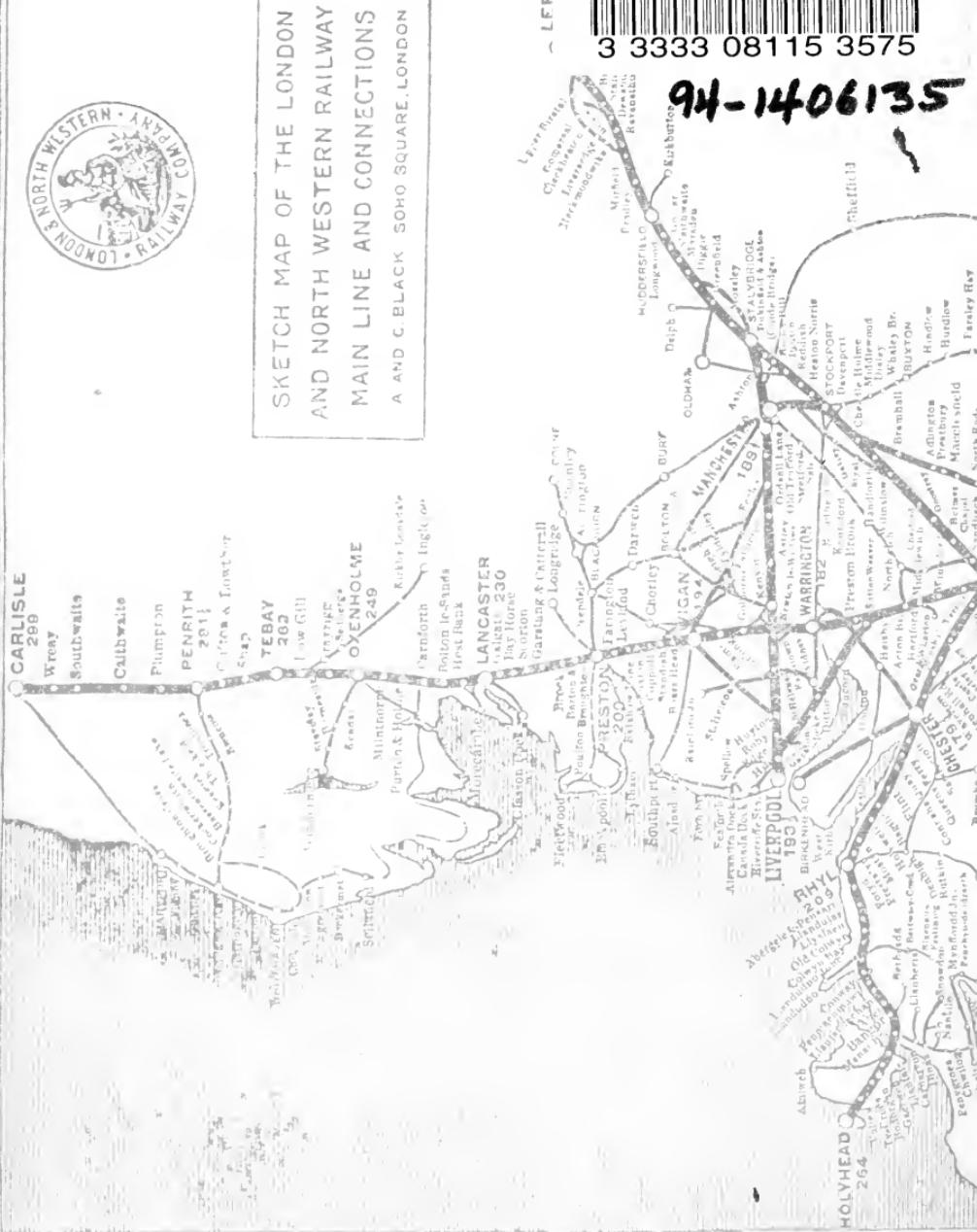


NY PUBLIC LIBRARY THE BRANCH LIBRARIES

3 3333 08115 3575

94-1406135

SKETCH MAP OF THE LONDON
AND NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY
MAIN LINE AND CONNECTIONS
A AND C BLACK SOHO SQUARE, LONDON



THE CENTRAL CHILDREN'S ROOM
DONNELL LIBRARY CENTER
20 WEST 53 STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019



The distance from London is shown under the principal stations thus: 17½

Stations thus: 17½

17½

WILLSON JUNG
Addison Road
Clapham Junc. C.
BUSTON
Brid Street
Mansion House
Victoria

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

17½

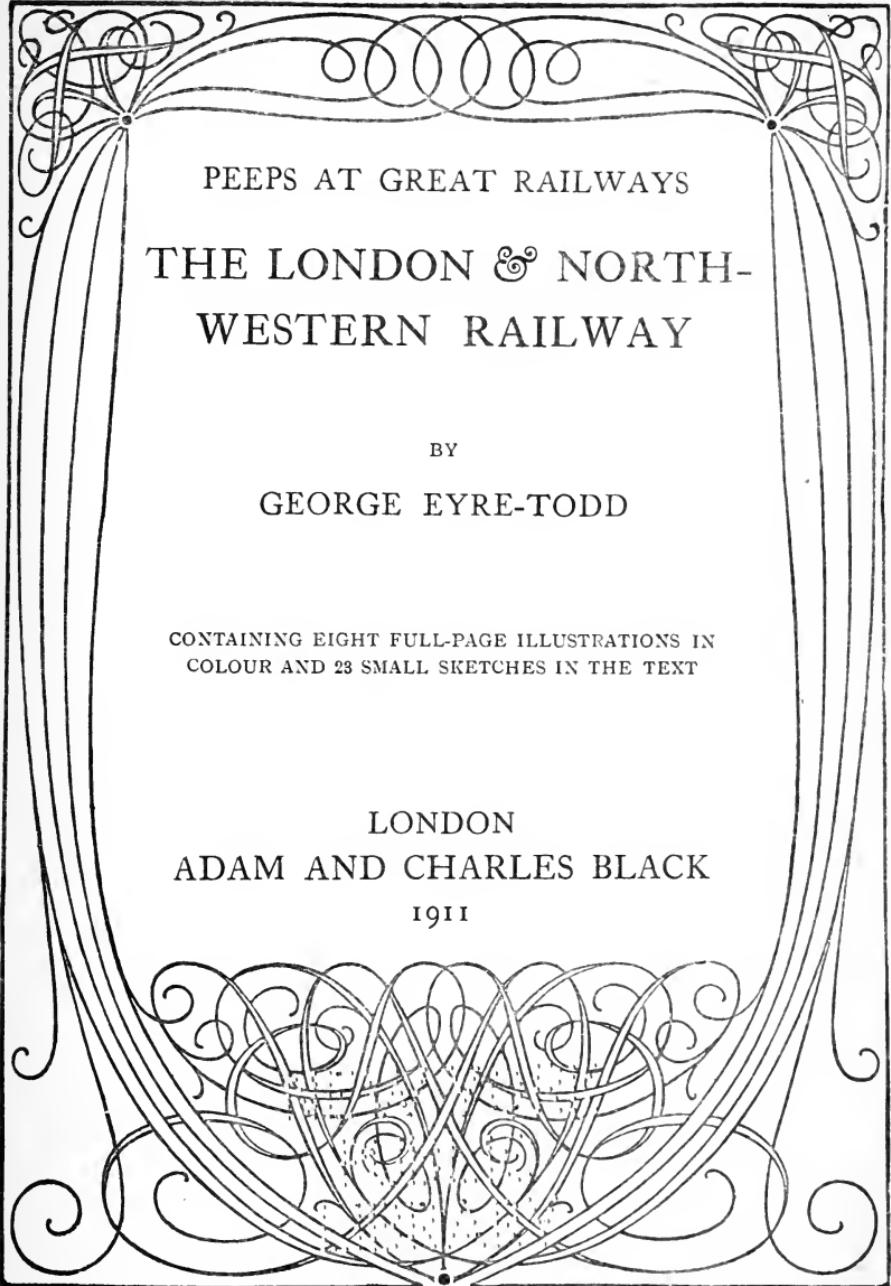
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

<http://www.archive.org/details/londonnorthweste00eyre>



ON THE SEVERN, NEAR ARLEY, SHROPSHIRE

The London and North Western Railway passes through much of the beautiful country watered by the upper course of the Severn.

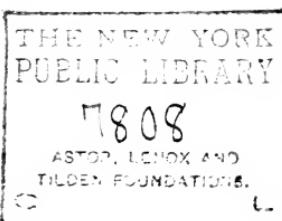


PEEPS AT GREAT RAILWAYS
THE LONDON & NORTH-
WESTERN RAILWAY

BY
GEORGE EYRE-TODD

CONTAINING EIGHT FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN
COLOUR AND 23 SMALL SKETCHES IN THE TEXT

LONDON
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK
1911



MCMLXV
JULY 1965
WILHELM

2914.2
T

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
WHAT THE IRON HORSE HAS DONE	5
CHAPTER II	
ROMAN ROAD AND ROMAN TOWN	8
CHAPTER III	
AT SHAKESPEARE'S SHRINE	13
CHAPTER IV	
THE FATHER OF ENGLISH ANGLING	16
CHAPTER V	
THE STARS AND STRIPES	20
CHAPTER VI	
THE GRIEF OF A GREAT KING	24
CHAPTER VII	
THE CASTLES OF OLD WALES	29
CHAPTER VIII	
THREE FAMOUS BATTLEFIELDS	49
CHAPTER IX	
WEST COAST WATERING-PLACES	58
CHAPTER X	
THE HOLIDAY ISLAND	66
CHAPTER XI	
THE LAKE DISTRICT	77
CHAPTER XII	
ACROSS THE BORDER	88

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

ON THE SEVERN NEAR ARLEY, SHROPSHIRE	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL	17
LEICESTER'S HOSPITAL, WARWICK	24
THE ROWS, CHESTER	41
SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE, HOLYHEAD	48
AMONG THE DOCKS AT LIVERPOOL	73
THE STEAM FERRY ACROSS WINDERMERE	80
A LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN MAIL TRAIN CROSSING THE MENAI TUBULAR BRIDGE	<i>On the cover</i>

*Also numerous line drawings in the text, and a sketch-map
of the Railway inside the front cover.*

THE
LONDON
AND
NORTH
WESTERN
RAILWAY

GREAT RAILWAYS

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN

CHAPTER I

WHAT THE IRON HORSE HAS DONE

IN the days of our grandfathers, when the railways were being made, many people said they would destroy the charm and romance of the country. The iron bridges, it was said, and the great cuttings and embank-



The "Planet" Engine, 1831 (L. & N.W.R.).

ments, would be scars upon the landscape ; the engines, with their smoke and noise, would destroy the peace of quiet places, and the crowds of trippers carried everywhere would make the country even less pleasant to live in than the town. We know now that these

London and North-Western Railway

were needless fears. Instead of spoiling the appearance of the country, the railway to-day forms one of its most interesting features. The sight of a train threading its way among the Cumberland fells or along a Scottish mountain-side adds just the needed life and contrast to the scene. No one thinks of smoke and noise as he sees the magnificent corridor expresses sweeping through the shires. And as for the crowds of trippers, they have chosen their own resorts by the seashore, and prefer to leave the quiet places in the country severely alone. As the dalesman or the Highlander sees the tiny white plume of steam running far among the hills, it seems to him now as natural a feature of the countryside as the cottage smoking by the lake shore or the waterfall singing in the corrie.

At the same time there can be no question of the immense service done by the railways in a thousand ways. Very little of the business of the country could be carried on—the loading of great ships and the feeding of vast cities—if the world had to depend to-day on the slow horse-haulage of a hundred years ago. The moment a great sea-liner comes in, say, to Liverpool, long trains begin to run from it, loaded with bales of cotton and sacks of corn, to be made into clothing and bread for the people, and at the same time other trains begin running from the manufacturing towns—Sheffield and Birmingham, Bradford and London—carrying the goods with which the vessel is to be loaded for her outward voyage again. At

What the Iron Horse has Done

the great fishing-ports, too, as far north as Aberdeen, it is a wonderful sight, as the deep-sea trawlers and herring-drifters come in by hundreds after the night's catch, to see the swift fish-trains loading up and setting off at express speed to carry the precious food-supply to London and other hungry places. Of the thousands of foundries and factories, forges and mills, throughout the country, by which the people earn their bread, very few could exist at all were it not for the railways that bring them the coal and iron and other material they require, and that carry away the goods they make to markets where they can be used or sold. Hundreds of thousands of people, again, are enabled by the railways to carry on their business in the cities, and yet to live and rear their families far in the quiet country, amid sunshine and flowers and whispering trees. Thus the health of the nation is very directly improved by the help of the "iron horse."

Then, besides all these practical services, there is the pleasure that railways have brought into our life to-day. It would be impossible to reckon up how much we owe to the easy means of getting about from place to place which the railways provide. It is difficult now to imagine the time when London people went to Putney or Greenwich for their summer holiday. Every year the vogue is to go farther and farther afield, and every year it is more possible to do so. Wild Wales, or the Cumberland lakes, or the purple moors and scented glens and sylvan loch-sides

London and North-Western Railway

of bonnie Scotland—all these are nowadays within easy reach of the summer holiday-maker, and to each of them every year flows a great tide of seekers of enjoyment and seekers of health.

The railway journey itself, on one of the great main lines like the West Coast Route between London, Wales, and Scotland, is a pleasure to be remembered. The solidly built carriages of the splendid corridor trains sweep along as smoothly as a yacht on a summer



sea. Through their broad glass sides, as one looks up from one's book, there is to be seen an endless panorama of surpassing interest—wood and water, mansion and town. There are all the comforts of a first-class hotel on board.

And during a summer day's journey one may gather impressions of places as different as Bosworth battle-field and Gretna Green, Carlisle citadel and Oban Bay, without more effort than if one had spent the time in a well-cushioned arm-chair at home.

CHAPTER II

ROMAN ROAD AND ROMAN TOWN

FEW people think, when they read of the Roman invasion of Britain, that these wonderful people from

Roman Road and Roman Town

the South were something more than mere warriors and conquerors of the country. Every schoolboy has read of the landing of Julius Cæsar, and of the sad heroic stories of Boadicea and Caractacus ; but there his knowledge generally stops. It does not occur to him that while Britain was a Roman province—that is, for some three hundred and forty years—the whole manners and customs of Rome itself were planted among the people. It is only when we come upon actual traces of those centuries—temples and baths, roads and strongholds, villas and towns—that we begin to understand the truth. It becomes evident that during the period of Roman rule the people of this country must have been almost as civilized as they are to-day.

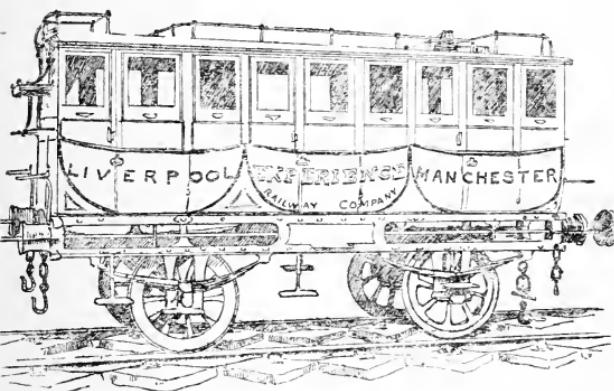
Strewn along the line of the London and North-Western Railway are several places whose names and relics bear striking witness to the greatness of that forgotten time. Dunstable and Lichfield, for example, both stand at crossing-places of two of the great Roman roads of the country, the Watling Street and the Icknield Way, while Stretton, north of Rugby, stands on the Fosse Way. These, with the Erminge Street, were the great arteries of traffic and pleasure built by Roman hands. They were built so solidly and so well that at places they remain almost perfect to the present hour, and, centuries after the Roman legions had left the country, they became the original “King’s Highways.”

London and North-Western Railway

At Daventry, again, near Weedon, and at Ardoch, north of Dunblane in Scotland, are to be seen examples of Roman field-works or camps, as perfect, almost, to-day as when they were shaped by the spades of the legionaries eighteen centuries ago. The camp at Ardoch covers 130 acres, and with ditch, rampart, and pretorium could accommodate some 42,000 men.

At St. Albans, which was the Roman Verulamium, a considerable part of the Abbey Church, now a

cathedral, is built of Roman bricks ; in the meadows at hand may be seen fragments of the Roman walls ; and an inn there, believed to be one of the oldest inhabited dwellings in England, may actually have been a Roman building, for



An Early Coach on the L. & N.W.R.

it was a boat-house by the lake which covered these meadows in Roman days. At Brixworth, too, north of Northampton, are still to be seen the remains of an actual Roman temple, though it is the only one now existing in the country ; and at Wellingborough, in the same neighbourhood, was discovered a number of years ago a wonderful old Roman town.

But the most interesting relics of those early days

Roman Road and Roman Town

are to be found on the border of Wales. It is as if the Romans in their time had found as much difficulty in subduing the Britons of that mountain region as was experienced by Edward I. and other English kings. At Wellington, between Stafford and Shrewsbury, the railway passes within two miles of the base of the Wrekin. "The Wrekin's crest of light" makes a fine allusion in Macaulay's poem on "The Armada," but few are familiar with the more ancient and wonderful memories of the spot. On the summit stands a fortification of the ancient Britons, and on the hill-slope once stood the largest Roman city in Britain. The name of the hill is really Latin, though at first glance it does not look it. Wrekin is merely a shortening of Urbs Iconium—the City of Iconium. After the Romans left, this great place was destroyed by the fierce Saxon heathen who overran the country, and in its stead, in the fifth century, the Britons built Pengwerne, now the town of Shrewsbury.

But most interesting of all are the relics of Roman times to be seen at Chester. Even the name of the place is Roman—it was the "Castra," or quarters, of the Twentieth Legion, *Valens Victrix*. Its plan, also, is Roman to the present hour. Its walls, "grey with the memories of two thousand years," still stand as they were founded, and largely as they were built, by Roman hands, and its gates to north, south, east, and west, according to Roman fashion, still open at the ends of the four chief streets, cut several feet deep

London and North-Western Railway

into the solid rock, and crossing at a common centre. Inside the wall the Barrow Field is still pointed out as the place of exercise of the Roman legionaries, and outside, in the Water Tower and on the green beside it, are a host of relics, altars, monuments, and a hypocaust, or sweating-bath, of Roman use. Even the wharf is still to be seen, though some way from the river now, at which the Roman inhabitants embarked in their galleys. Besides all this the city is full of strange things no one can explain. It is honeycombed with secret passages, and no one knows when he may come on the strangest relic. Through a stationer's shop one enters a Roman bath, and in the quaint corners there constantly turn up strange things fashioned by fingers dead seventeen centuries ago.

These things and a hundred others to be seen on this great railway route to the North show the Britain of Roman times to have been the home of a highly civilized people. In view of this it is easy to understand the anger, grief, and despair those people must have felt when, after the Roman legions had been withdrawn, they saw the country overrun, its villas, cities, and temples wasted, and its civilization destroyed, by the savage heathen invaders from the Baltic, who understood and valued none of these things.

At Shakespeare's Shrine

CHAPTER III

AT SHAKESPEARE'S SHRINE

OF all the many shrines to which people make pilgrimage to-day in England, by far the most interesting is the Warwickshire town in which William Shakespeare spent the earliest and latest years of his life. Stratford-on-Avon, to begin with, lies in one of the most beautiful parts of the kingdom. There is a story, indeed, of two travellers, who each boasted he could name the most lovely road in the country, and when they had each written down a name it was found that one had chosen the road from Stratford to Warwick, and the other the road from Warwick to Stratford. In the region, too, are many storied and romantic spots. There are Warwick Castle and Kenilworth, Guy's Cliff and Edgehill, each with a stirring tale of days gone by. But most interesting of all is the town of Stratford itself, with its timbered houses and quaint nooks ; and its interest centres in the spots connected with the life of the great poet.

In Henley Street still stands the actual house which was the dwelling and warehouse of the poet's father, John Shakespeare. It is a long, timbered building, two-storied, with attics. The windows are latticed, and a pent-house roof projects over the lowest ones, at which no doubt the woolstapler and glover displayed his wares. From the street one steps into the kitchen,

London and North-Western Railway

which was the living-room of the family. It has the great fireplace at which Shakespeare must often have seen his father and mother sit of a winter night, and it is curious to remember that the worn and broken flags of the floor are still those on which the poet himself played as a child. In the part of the house which was the wool-store they keep relics of the great dramatist, such as his stirrups and signet-ring, his cane and sword, along with the best portraits of him, and the priceless first printed copies of his plays. But the most sacred spot is overhead. Thousands of the most famous men and women of the last hundred years have climbed the old wooden staircase, to stand uncovered in the low-roofed room in which, on April 23, 1564, the mighty Shakespeare was born. Walls and windows are covered with the names of the people who have visited the place, but none among them all has had so great an influence on the lives and minds of men as the child who uttered his first cry within these walls.

From his birthplace it is only a short way along High Street, the route by which, a thousand times, the boy must have gone, "with shining morning face, unwillingly to school." The school is still there—King Edward VI.'s—as it was in Shakespeare's time, also with long, dark-timbered front and out-hanging upper story, where the tasks, pleasant or unpleasant, were spelled through; and below it is the ancient Guildhall, within which the future dramatist saw his first play.

Then one may follow the Shottery footpath out of

At Shakespeare's Shrine

the town—a ten-minute stroll—to the trim thatched cottage by Shottery Brook, where Anne Hathaway lived. Often enough, as a lover of eighteen, Shakespeare followed this path, and by-and-by came his marriage to the girl.

That was a wild time in this young man's life, and his marriage, if all the traditions are true, did not tame him down. In another direction the pilgrim may ramble four miles out of the town to Charlecote, the scene of the deer-slaying exploits and the haling before Sir Thomas Lucy. Shakespeare is said to have used his memories of that awkward interview when he came to write the character of Justice Shallow, but he was safe in London then. When he lampooned Sir Thomas at Stratford it brought him into danger of a whipping and of gaol, and he was forced to flee.

When he came back he was a famous man. The ugly duckling had changed into a swan—the Swan of Avon. He was rich, too, and he bought New Place, the finest house in Stratford. Long ago this house was taken down, but its foundations are still to be seen, and in its garden still grows a scion of the famous mulberry-tree under which the poet used to sit in the summer evenings and entertain his friends—Ben Jonson and other famous folk—who came from London to see him.

One may picture the poet, too, of a Sunday morning, passing with his family along the sunny street from New Place to the parish church by the river. And

London and North-Western Railway

along that street they carried him at last, all his great work done, and the thunders of the theatre for ever silent in his ears, to bury him in the holy spot. He lies just at the altar-rail, and on the flagstone above his grave may be read the famous lines :

“ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones !”

Beside the poet lie his wife and his favourite daughter, Susanna, and in a niche of the wall above is placed a life-sized coloured bust, the only known true portrait of him.

Thirty and odd years later, when the whirlwind of war swept close to the town, and the Parliament’s general, Lord Brooke, was put to flight by the Royalists, with Charles I.’s queen at their head, New Place was occupied by the poet’s granddaughter and last descendant, Lady Barnard, and it had the honour of entertaining the royal lady ; but the memories that draw pilgrims to the sunny sleepy little market-town are those of the greatest dramatist the world has ever seen.

CHAPTER IV

THE FATHER OF ENGLISH ANGLING

THOUSANDS of anglers every autumn and spring set out from Euston for the North. Of these by far the greater number make their way to the lochs and rivers

LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL

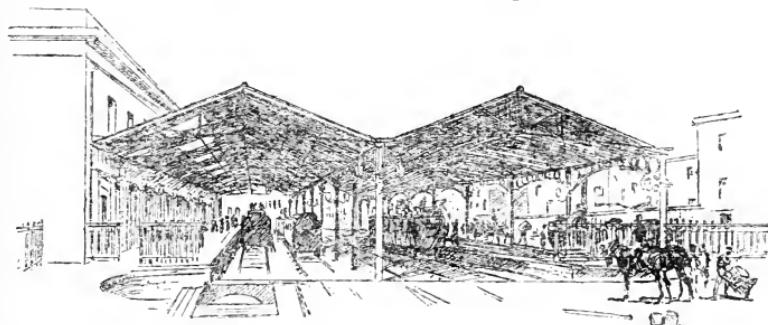
The spires are seen from the left hand side of the terrace, looking northward



The Father of English Angling

of Scotland in pursuit of the sea-trout and lordly salmon that people these sparkling waters. Few of them all, perhaps, are aware that on the way, by the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, they pass over the scenes where the most famous of all fishers in this country plied his rod.

Curiously enough, at the present hour the town of Stafford is supposed by many people to be the centre of the "Black Country," the district of the great earthenware industry, and an altogether undesirable



Euston Station in 1839.

place to make the headquarters for a holiday. In reality Stafford is a very pleasant town, a spa to which many resort for the advantage of its famous brine-baths, and centre of one of the best hunting districts in the kingdom.

With its old timbered houses in the Greengate and the Gaolgate, its Norman church of St. Chad, and its castle partly built by the daughter of the great King Alfred, it looks a place of many memories. And this it is. It was a walled town till the time

London and North-Western Railway

of Charles I., but, having declared for that king, it was besieged and taken by Sir William Brereton, the Parliamentary general, and by way of punishment had its walls thrown down.

It is strange to think that during the noisiest of those times of strife Stafford was the home of the man who, of all others, is remembered now as the lover of quietness. At Stafford the famous Izaak Walton was born in 1593, and in the two rivers, the Sowe and the Penk, which flow beside the town, he no doubt learned his first lessons in fishing when a boy. The Sowe and the Penk are good fishing waters yet, and to the fishers who wander, rod in hand, by their banks, it adds to the interest of the sport that the father of English angling has also plied his craft in these streams.

Walton's father was a yeoman, and presently the lad went off to London as apprentice to a linen-draper. That was the most glorious period in English literature —the reign of King James I. Walton may have seen Shakespeare playing the Ghost in his own "Hamlet" at the Globe Theatre, and may have peeped in at "rare Ben Jonson" holding royal revelry in the Mermaid Tavern. He may also have served Drake and Frobisher and the noble Sir Walter Raleigh with his wares. When he retired from business in 1643 he went back to the quiet country where he had spent his boyhood, and there, besides taking up the fishing-rod again, he took up the pen, and wrote the most famous and delightful book on angling that the world has seen.

The Father of English Angling

A few miles to the east of Stafford lies Dovedale, perhaps the loveliest bit of natural scenery in England, and in the Dove, as well as the Sowe and the Penk, Walton plied his pleasant craft. The Izaak Walton Inn there commemorates the association of the famous angler with the region, and, not far away, Charles Cotton's Fishing - House by the waterside keeps memories both of Walton himself and of the friend who built it, and who added a treatise on fly-fishing to the later editions of "*The Compleat Angler*." In Alstonefield Church there, near Alsop-en-le-Dale, may be seen the great pew erected by Cotton, and one may picture the old angler accompanying his friend thither on a Sunday morning, when perchance their rods were laid aside.

"*The Compleat Angler*" has long been obsolete as a handbook for fishers. The art has been greatly improved upon since those days. But the book written amid these pleasant scenes still lives in English literature for its poetry and pastoral freshness, its simple charm of style, and "*the pure, peaceful, and pious spirit which is breathed from its quaint old pages.*"

It is pleasant to think of the life of this father of



Dovedale.

London and North-Western Railway

English angling, peacefully led in that most stormy time. The thunder and crash of Cromwell's wars passed harmlessly over his head. The dire battles of Naseby and Rowton Moor, and the fall of King Charles I. himself, were no more than echoes in the distance to him. Cromwell and his Ironsides passed away, and the Restoration took place, with the gay doings of the Merry Monarch; and still the famous angler fished on. While glorious John Dryden was dominating the coffee-houses, and eating his heart out with the intrigues of rivals and the Court, and with public neglect, Walton was spending his quiet days by the Sowe and the Penk, and in the delightful nooks of lovely Dovedale. And at last he died, at peace with all men, and at the great age of ninety, and was buried, as befitted so English a soul, in the Cathedral of Winchester, the ancient capital of Alfred the Great.

CHAPTER V

THE STARS AND STRIPES

THE beginnings of great things are always interesting, especially if they belong to our own people or our own country. It is for this reason that English people find so much attraction in places like Rouen and Falaise, and certain old castles in Normandy, which were the cradles of the great families that have since made history on this side of the Channel. It is for the same reason

The Stars and Stripes

that for so many centuries people have made pilgrimage to Palestine, to look upon the spots where the first events took place associated with the Christian faith that has wrought so great a change in the whole history of the world.

In the same way large numbers of Americans each year cross the Atlantic to see the places in this country from which their own families once sprang, or from which the early colonists of America went out. The spot from which the *Mayflower* set sail, with its company of Pilgrim Fathers, is naturally of the deepest interest to them, and many make their way to the Highlands of Scotland to look upon the glen, perhaps, where their forefather once owned a croft.

One of the neighbourhoods that has most special fascination for these American visitors is that which lies about Northampton. In the same way that the neighbourhood of Stratford-on-Avon may be called the Shakespeare country, and the neighbourhood of Ayr the Burns country, and that of Melrose the Scott country, this about Northampton may be called, in a way, the Washington country. At more than one spot in the district are to be seen memorials of that Washington family whose descendant played so conspicuous a part in establishing the great American Republic, and the stream of American pilgrims to these spots is likely to grow larger as the years go on.

As long ago as the years 1532 and 1546 a certain Washington, owner of the Manor of Sulgrave, eight

London and North-Western Railway

miles west of the town, was Mayor of Northampton, and peculiar interest lies for Americans in visiting his grave in Sulgrave Church, from the fact that the brass which marks the spot bears his coat of arms, and that coat of arms, with certain changes, forms to-day the national flag of America, the Stars and Stripes.

This old Mayor of Northampton had two grandsons, Laurence, who died in 1616, and Robert, who died in 1632. These Washingtons had their home at Brington, some five or six miles north of Northampton, and the house is still to be seen by the roadside, a plain enough place, with its first-floor windows close under the eaves of the high sloping roof, and substantial square chimney-stacks along its ridge. In the church at Brington is to be seen the grave of Robert Washington and his wife, who were evidently substantial folk, and on the brass above them may be read the inscription : "Here lies interred ye bodies of Elizah Washington, widdowe, who changed this life for immortallitie ye 19 of March, 1622. As also ye body of Robert Washington, gent. her late husband, second sonne of Robert Washington of Sulgrave, in the county of North. Esq. who depted this life ye 10 of March 1632, after they lived lovingly together." Under the inscription is a shield with the family coat of arms, as at Sulgrave—three stars across the top, with two broad horizontal bars below.

The second son of Laurence Washington, Sir John, took the side of Charles I. in the Civil War, and in consequence found himself forced in 1657 to emigrate

The Stars and Stripes

from this country. He went out to Virginia, and, marrying there a second time, became father of a family. A hundred and twenty years later, when the American colonies threw off their allegiance to this country, it was the great-grandson of this Sir John, the famous George Washington, who became first President of the United States. Out of compliment to him the new Republic took his family coat of arms for the national flag, and with the addition of further bars, and a star for each State in the Union, this remains the well-known "Stars and Stripes" of the present hour. At the same time the family crest of the Washingtons, which was really a raven, was taken by the States for the national emblem, so familiar to-day under the name of the Spread Eagle.

Notwithstanding the number of Americans who every year make their way to the Washington country in Warwickshire and Northamptonshire, it may be questioned whether every citizen of the great Republic who listens to the melody of the "Star-Spangled Banner," and sees that emblem flaunted in the breeze, is conscious that he is in fact exalting the emblem of an English family, and the coat-armour of a feudal time. This is one of the strange stories that sleep by the line-side, within hearing of the great expresses thundering northward and southward along the London and North-Western rails.

London and North-Western Railway

CHAPTER VI

THE GRIEF OF A GREAT KING

THERE can be no doubt that King Edward I. of England did many very cruel things. He was not only King of England, a noble realm of itself, but he had vast possessions in the country we now know as France ; yet from the first he seems to have set envious eyes on the smaller countries that were his neighbours. Down to his time, Irish, Welsh, and Scottish had all been prosperous, peaceful, and friendly peoples, but Edward had not been long upon the throne before he set himself, first by craft and afterwards by force, to bring them under his rule. It was no doubt a magnificent idea to form all the peoples of the British Isles into a United Kingdom, but Edward was in too great a hurry, and went the wrong way about his project. In course of time, by natural means, such as the marriage of their princes, the countries would have come together. As a matter of fact, Scotland and England were actually united by this means at a later day, when James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the throne of England as heir of Henry VII. But such slow natural methods did not suit the ambitious spirit of Edward I. ; he proceeded to plot, and usurp, and fight. Before many years had passed he had embroiled all four countries in the horrors of war ; and when he died he left behind a heritage of hate that produced boundless bloodshed and misery, deferred the union



LEICESTERS HOSPITAL, WARWICK.

The Grief of a Great King

of England and Scotland for centuries, and has hardly even yet ceased to rankle in the hearts of the Welsh and Irish peoples.

There can be no question that Edward was a great king. The idea of a United Kingdom was itself the sign of a mind seeing far in advance of its time. Union is strength, and everyone to-day is aware of the advantages which have resulted from the union of the various peoples in the British Isles under one Government and Crown. But Edward was also unscrupulous, ruthless, and cruel in the methods he used to bring about his desire. Many of the stories which have been preserved regarding him show this side of his character in lurid colours. He could in no sense be called a generous foe.

One of the most cruel stories is that regarding the last rising of the native Princes of Wales. For years Edward had been engaged in subduing the brave and high-spirited little western Princedom, where, till his time, the last of the unsubdued Britons of the country had cherished their independence. For long the indomitable spirit of the race had defied him, but by the building of great castles, like those at Flint,



Conway Castle.

London and North-Western Railway

Conway, and Carnarvon, he at last seemed to have effected his purpose, when a strange thing happened. There was an old prophecy by the British bard Merlin in the sixth century that when English money became round the Prince of Wales should be crowned at London. It happened just then that a change was made in the English coinage which seemed to suit the prophecy, and, inspired by his fiery brother David, the noble Llewellyn raised his standard for a last effort to throw off the English yoke.

For a time success seemed to be within his grasp. Llewellyn himself captured Flint Castle, while the stronghold of Hawarden on the English border was stormed by his brother David. Then the hopes of the Welsh rose to their highest, and Welsh bards chanted in their most exultant strains the triumphs of the "Lord of Snowdon." But Edward grimly mustered the armies of his kingdom, and slowly but surely overwhelmed the little forces of the Welsh. Hope and song alike were crushed out of the heart of Wales by his iron hand. Llewellyn happily was slain, but his brother David was taken prisoner, and upon him Edward wreaked his utmost vengeance. The fearful tragedy took place at Shrewsbury. There David was first ignominiously dragged through the streets at a horse's tail ; then at the High Cross he was hanged till half dead ; his bowels were cut out and burned before his eyes, and his body was quartered and set upon pikes in different parts of the kingdom.

The Grief of a Great King

A similar thing happened in the case of Scotland. On the death of the Maid of Norway, who was heir to the Scottish crown after the death of her grandfather, Alexander III., Edward had got himself appointed judge between the various eager claimants of the throne, and before long, under one pretext and another, he had secured the Scottish strongholds, filled the country with English soldiers, and practically made it a subject kingdom. The Scottish people, however, resisted his claims to be their overlord, and, fired by the indignities and cruelties put upon them by his soldiery and governors, they rose in arms. They found a leader in Sir William Wallace, a knight of Renfrewshire, under whom they gradually won back the strong castles of the country, and at last, in a decisive battle at Stirling Bridge, defeated a great English army under Surrey and Cressingham, and drove their oppressors from the kingdom.

At news of this, Edward hastened home from his foreign wars, again gathered all the forces of his realm, and, marching into Scotland, defeated Wallace in a pitched battle at Falkirk. Seven years later the Scottish leader himself was captured, and carried a prisoner to London. Then again Edward's vindic-



A Luggage-porter.

London and North-Western Railway

tiveness burst out. Though Wallace had never sworn fealty to him, nor been his subject, he had him charged and condemned as a traitor, and had him put to death in the same horrible manner as David, the brother of Llewellyn, twenty-two years before.

Instead of crushing the spirit of Scotland, the death of Wallace fired it to greater efforts, and within a few months Robert the Bruce was in the field as the Scottish champion. At first, fortune went against Bruce. He lost every battle, and Edward himself was marching with a great English army to crush him finally, when the English king himself was seized with mortal sickness. He had reached Burgh-on-Sands, on the south shore of the Solway, when he felt his last hour had come. At that moment there were brought into his camp Nigel Bruce, the youngest brother of the Scottish king, and a number of other brave Scotsmen, who, after a gallant defence of Kildrummie Castle against King Edward's men, had only been forced to yield by a traitor setting fire to the stronghold.

A less ruthless leader might have been induced by the youth and bravery of these men to do no more than send them to prison till the war was over. Not so King Edward. With almost his last breath he shaped the words, "Hang and draw!" And though many of those about him pleaded for the lives of the brave prisoners, he persisted in his sentence, and they were led out to that cruel execution.

Nevertheless this crafty, unscrupulous, and vin-

The Grief of a Great King

dictive king had somewhere in his breast a heart. Proofs of this are to be seen in at least three places in England. On the London road, a mile to the south of Northampton, stands one of them, Queen Eleanor's Cross. It is one of the sights of the district, and a very beautiful work of art indeed. The queen whom it commemorates was the wife of Edward I. When she died he made a vow in his passionate grief to erect a cross at each spot on which her body rested on its funeral journey from Harby to Westminster. Of the fifteen crosses he set up, only three remain, at Geddington, Waltham, and Northampton, but the beauty of the last of these alone would be enough to assure the pilgrim to the spot of the reality of the great king's love and grief. Of such strange contradictions is human nature made.

CHAPTER VII

THE CASTLES OF OLD WALES

FOR its size the little Principality of Wales is studded with more strongholds of ancient times than any other part of the British Isles. There the last part of the struggle was fought out between the ancient British or Welsh race and the encroaching Saxons and Normans, and for the most part these strongholds were built during that mighty struggle. Some, like Deganwy and Dolwyddelen Castles, are of older date,

London and North-Western Railway

but most belong to the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, and the story of the whole Welsh struggle for independence might be made up from the memories that linger about their walls. Pennant, during his tour, counted over 170 castles in Wales, and to-day a holiday could not be more pleasantly spent than in making a pilgrimage to the chief of them.

Among these castles Harlech is known to have been a fortified post in Roman times, and was probably a British stronghold at a still earlier date, for it was previously known as Bronwen's Tower, from Bronwen, sister of Bran ap Llyr, Prince of Siluria, and father of Caractacus. A new fastness was built on the spot about the year 530 by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, and the tradition runs that the present castle was erected on its ruins by Edward I. It was captured in 1404 by Owen Glendower during his rebellion against Henry IV., and was one of the three last in Wales to hold out for the House of Lancaster against Edward IV. Then it was that its most famous siege took place.

First the Earl of Pembroke was sent to capture it, but Pembroke, tiring of the attempt, set his brother, Sir Richard Herbert, to the task. The latter, however, a man famous for his size, strength, and valour, found his match in the Welsh governor, David ap Einion. When called upon to surrender, the latter replied : "I held a tower in France till all the old

The Castles of Old Wales

women in Wales heard of it ; and now the old women of France shall hear how I defended this castle.” At last, finding the stronghold impregnable, Sir Richard only obtained its surrender by promising Ap Einion to secure his life and freedom from the king. This request Edward IV. at first indignantly refused, but he was startled by Sir Richard’s rejoinder. “Sire,” said the latter, “you may in that case take my life for the brave Welsh chief’s, for if you do not grant my request I shall most assuredly replace him in his castle, and your Majesty may send whom you please to take him out again.”

Another stronghold whose story goes back as far amid the mists of time is Deganwy, beside the railway and the River Conway, south of Llandudno. This, too, is believed to have been a fortified post in Roman times—the Station Dictum held by the commander of the Nervii Dictenses. Here it was that, according to tradition, Elphin was shut up by Maelgwyn, who was the Lancelot of Welsh romance, and its walls have resounded to the harp of the famous Taliesin, who came to set the captive free. The castle, with the “city” which surrounded it, was destroyed by lightning in the year 810, and it was demolished again by Llewellyn early in the thirteenth century. Within these walls King John remained in 1211 till he was nearly starved by the Welsh, who cut off his supplies as the convoys struggled through the passes ; and again in 1245 the same thing happened to King Henry III.

London and North-Western Railway

Though the kings themselves escaped on these occasions, they left the country full of the dead bodies of their men.

At last Deganwy was destroyed by Prince Llewellyn in 1260, and a few years later a great part of its material was used by Edward I. for the building of Conway Castle on the other side of the river.

Another stronghold built by the ancient Welsh or Britons was Dolbadarn. It is mentioned as one of the fastnesses held by Maelgwyn Gwynedd, Prince of North Wales, during his struggle with the Saxons in the sixth century. An ancient legend relates how a fair lady who dwelt here was wooed by two suitors. These two arranged to fight a tournament, with the lady for a prize, the loser to provide the steed on which his conqueror conveyed the bride to church. When the issue was decided, the loser, filled with chagrin and jealousy, enlisted a witch's help, and a demon steed was provided. On the way to church this steed bolted, pursued by the bridegroom. He came up with it on the heights of Penmaenmawr, and just as he laid hold of his bride both horses and their riders plunged headlong over the cliff.

Overlooking the Lake of Llanberis on the western slopes of Snowdon, Dolbadarn guarded one of the five great passes which led into the heart of Wild Wales. It is the Welsh Chillon, for within its walls for twenty-three years, from 1254 to 1277, Llewellyn, the last Prince of Wales, imprisoned his brother Owen Goch

The Castles of Old Wales

(Owen the Red) for taking part in rebellion against him. The fate of the captive was the subject of a poem by a Welsh Byron of his own time :

“ From yonder heights a captive’s sighs
Are wafted towards me by the gale ;
There chained, abandoned, Owen lies,
And I still live to tell the tale—
To tell how, by a brother’s doom,
Yon towers are Owen’s living tomb !”



Snowdon from Llyn Llydaw.

David, another brother of Llewellyn — he who instigated the prince to the fatal rising against Edward I. on the strength of a prophecy of Merlin — held the stronghold, after Llewellyn’s death, against the Earl of Pembroke, but was forced to escape from it and hide with his wife and children among the wild

London and North-Western Railway

marshes and glens about Snowdon, till captured at last and carried off to his cruel execution.

On the eastern side of Snowdon again, on the line south of Bettws-y-Coed, the upper end of the Vale of Conway is dominated by the ruin of Dolwyddelen Castle. This is said to have been built about the year 500 by a Welsh prince whose name has been forgotten, and it is alluded to by Southey in his "Madoc." But its chief memory is the fact that within its walls Llewellyn the Great was born. It is believed to have been the last stronghold in Wales to hold out against Edward I. The king had pushed his conquest and his pursuit of David, brother of the dead Llewellyn, far into this heart of Wild Wales, and the fall of Dolwyddelen and the capture of David marked the end of the campaign.

Queen Eleanor was waiting with the English reserve at Rhuddlan Castle, when an earl, a knight, and an esquire came spurring with the news, and in the royal accounts may still be seen the record of the reward they received. This stronghold of Rhuddlan stands farther east, guarding the entrance to the Vale of Clwyd. It was built about 1020 by Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, taken and burnt in 1063 by Harold, afterwards King of England, and captured and recaptured half a dozen times by Welsh and English between that date and the time of its possession by Edward I. It was newly rebuilt by him when those messengers came to Queen Eleanor with the news of the capture of

The Castles of Old Wales

Dolwyddelan. They were followed very shortly by Edward himself, radiant with success, and, alas ! by way of contrast, in his train the unfortunate David, a lost and ruined man, walking in chains. After a little while in the dungeons of Rhuddlan, David was conveyed to Shrewsbury, to suffer the horrible doom of a traitor. Meanwhile at Rhuddlan Edward held a Parliament, and drew up his code of laws for the government of Wales, known as the Statute of Rhuddlan.

At Rhuddlan poor David was not far from the place where he had taken the first step of his action in raising war upon the English king. On the death of his brother, Prince Llewellyn, he had assumed the sovereignty of Wales, and had summoned the Welsh chiefs to meet him at Denbigh Castle in the Vale of Clwyd. In this stronghold, then a small hill-fort, they took the resolution to pursue the hostilities which ended so disastrously for David himself and the independence of Wales.

From that time onwards, as if a curse hung upon the place, Denbigh Castle seemed to bring ill luck to its owners. Edward I. gave it to Edward Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who built the later castle and the town wall. On his death it passed to his daughter's husband Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, and he lost it by attainder. It was next given by Edward II. to Hugh Despencer, and he was presently executed. Next it was acquired by Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, and very soon

London and North-Western Railway

that usurper and upstart was arrested by the young Edward III. himself at Nottingham, and hurried to the block. At a later day it was granted by Queen Elizabeth to her favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. Finally it sheltered Charles I. on his retreat from Chester, when his fortunes had finally fallen at Rowton Moor, and, as the last Welsh castle to hold out for the king, saw its garrison starved into surrender to the army of the Parliament. After the Restoration of Charles II. the stronghold so long associated with misfortune was blown up with gunpowder.

But while these last-named castles in the heart of Wales have been associated with the sad downfall of the last Welsh princes, there are others towards the eastern border of the Principality which keep memories of the triumphs of Llewellyn's house at an earlier day.

Mold Castle, of which no more than a few stones now remain, stood on a partly artificial mound called by the Romans Mons Altus, and now known as the Bailey Hill—a corruption of the Roman “ballium,” or courtyard of a castle. After the Norman Conquest it gave name to the family of Montalto, who were stewards of Chester for its lord, Hugh Lupus, the Conqueror's nephew and *Gros Veneur*, or Chief Huntsman, ancestor of the House of Grosvenor at the present day. One of the most famous actions in Welsh annals was the siege and capture of this stronghold by Owain Gwynedd in 1144. Twice afterwards

The Castles of Old Wales

it was taken and destroyed, but the glory of that early capture remains unforgotten.

Thirteen years later, in the same neighbourhood, at Coed Ewloe (the Wood of Ewloe), David and Conan, the sons of Owain Gwynedd, surprised a large detachment of the English army which Henry II. was leading into Wales, and, cutting it to pieces among the woods and hollows, drove the fugitives as far as the king's own camp near Chester. And when Henry, in wrath at the incident, marched with his whole army against Owain Gwynedd himself, he was encountered by that chief at Coleshill, near Flint, and a desperate battle took place. In the midst of the conflict Henry's standard-bearer was seized with panic, and, crying out "The King is slain!" threw down the royal standard. At that, confusion seized the English men-at-arms, and the Welsh, renewing their attack, cut the English army to pieces, and drove its remnants from the field.

A century later, in 1256, Prince Llewellyn ap Grwffydd, among the first of his exploits, drove Roger de Montalto from the Manor of Ewloe, and built Ewloe Castle on the spot; but, like the other glories of this last of the Llewellyns, little now remains to mark its site.

Of Hawarden Castle, on the other hand, a couple of miles nearer Chester, a noble, though ruined, fragment still towers upon its rising ground. The spot, to begin with, is believed to have been a fort held by the early British against their Roman invaders, and

London and North-Western Railway

at the time of the Norman Conquest it was a stronghold of Edwin, the Saxon King of Deira. It was one of the castles given by the Conqueror to his nephew Hugh Lupus, when he made him Earl of Chester, and it was held by the Montaults, or Montaltos, as stewards for the earl. On the last rising of Llewellyn, in 1281, his brother David stormed the place, and the achievement was one of those which set the hearts of the Welsh beating high with hope of a revival of their ancient glories—so soon, alas ! to be levelled in the dust.

From the Montaults, to whom it afterwards returned, the castle was transferred by Henry VI. to his supporters, the Stanleys, Earls of Derby, and, after being captured and recaptured and captured again by the forces of the King and the Parliament, during the wars of Charles I., it was ordered by Cromwell to be dismantled, and has remained a ruin to the present day. Finally, on the execution of James, seventh Earl of Derby, after the Battle of Worcester in 1651, the estate was taken from the Stanley family, and sold by Cromwell to his favourite, Sergeant Glynn, whose descendant a century later built the mansion of Hawarden Park at hand. A century later still, by marriage with the heiress, Hawarden passed into the possession of the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

There is, again, the desolate ruin of Flint Castle, by the shore of the Dee Estuary. Merely a broken fragment now, this stronghold has seen warlike triumph and royal splendour and piteous tragedy in

The Castles of Old Wales

succession in its time. Built, it is believed, by Henry I., the Conqueror's son, it was the place where, after first punishing Llewellyn's "obstinacy" in refusing him homage, Edward I. held his Court in 1278. Part of the punishment had been the seizing and annexing to England of the fair Welsh coast as far as Conway, the fertile part on which the Welsh depended for existence; and another part was the arrangement that on Llewellyn's death there should be no other Prince of Wales. These cruel terms made it certain that the Welsh would take up arms again, and give Edward a chance of utterly crushing them. This, we have seen, Llewellyn and his brother David did again as soon as they were strong enough, in 1281, and one of their first acts was to surprise and take Flint Castle.

Within these walls in 1311 Edward II. received back with tears of joy his unworthy favourite, Piers Gaveston, who soon afterwards was seized by the barons at Scarborough, and executed upon Blacklow Hill. Here, too, in 1399 occurred the downfall of another English king. Richard II., among his other acts of oppression and misgovernment, had banished and deprived of his great possessions his cousin, Henry, Duke of Lancaster. During Richard's absence in Ireland Henry had landed with a handful of men on the Yorkshire coast, and, joined by all the great nobles and forces of the kingdom, had been acclaimed in London. When Richard, hastening home, landed at

London and North-Western Railway

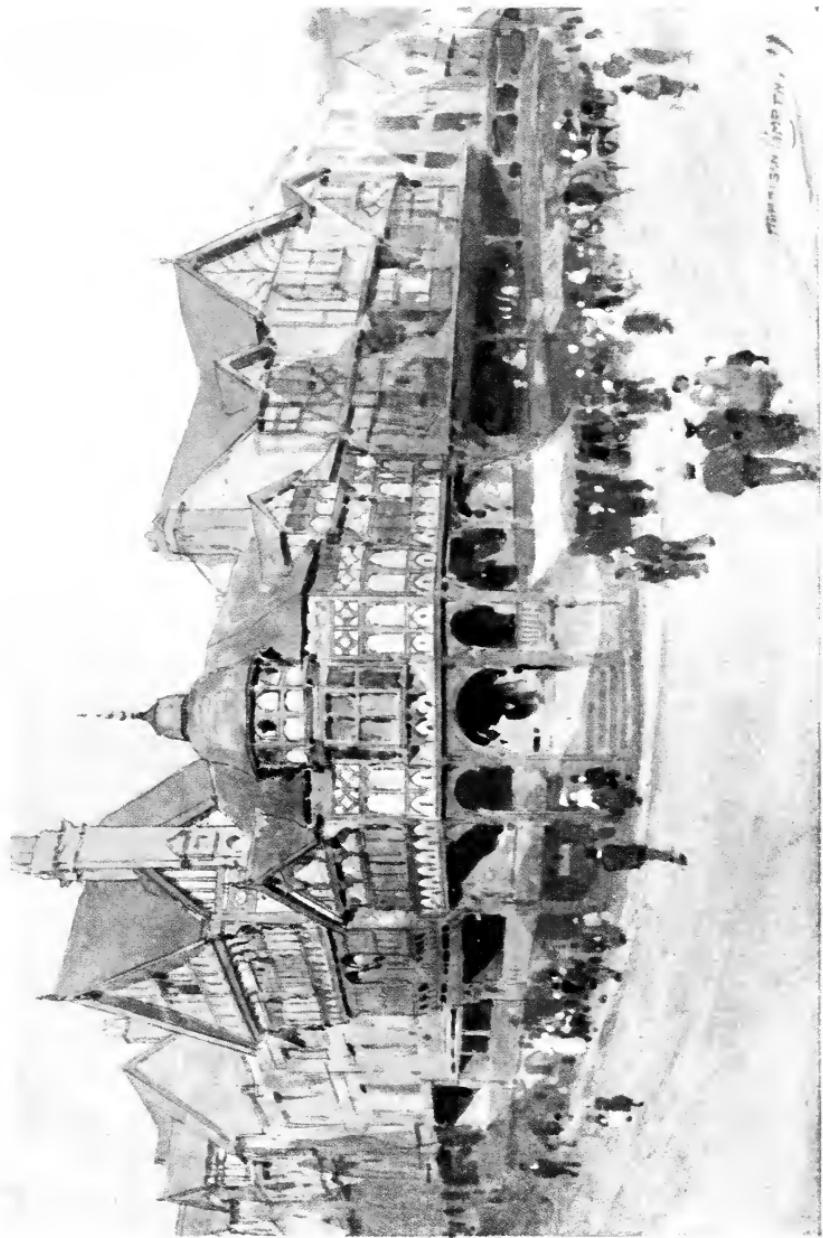
Milford Haven, he found the kingdom already lost. His own army melted away, and he fled in disguise to North Wales. Then he was invited to an interview with the Duke of Lancaster at Flint. As he came in view of the place, and saw from the hill the forces of his enemies, he called out : “ I am betrayed ! there are pennons and banners in the valley !”

The fear was true enough. The incident that followed has been immortalized on the stage by Shakespeare in his “ *Richard II.*,” and, as a picture of one of the dramatic events which happened in early times in these old castles, it may be repeated here as told by the annalist Stowe.

“ The Duke of Lancaster,” says this writer, “ entered the castle all armed, his helmet excepted ; King Richard came down to meet him, and the Duke, as soon as he saw the King, fell on his knees, and, coming nearer unto him, he kneeled a second time with his hat in his hand, and the King then put off his hood, and spoke first : ‘ Fair cousin of Lancaster, you are right welcome.’

“ The Duke, bowing low to the ground, answered : ‘ My lord, I am come before you sent for me ; the reason why I will show you. The common fame among your people is such that ye have, for the space of twenty, or two-and-twenty years, ruled them very rigorously, but if it please our Lord, I will help you to govern better.’

“ The King answered : ‘ Fair cousin of Lancaster, sith it pleaseth you, it pleaseth me well.’



THE ROWS, CHESTER

The Castles of Old Wales

“ The Duke then, with a high sharp voice, bade bring forth the King’s horses, and then two little nags, not worth forty francs, were brought forth. The King was set on one, and the Earl of Salisbury on the other, and thus the Duke brought the King from Flint to Chester, where he was delivered to the Duke of Gloucester’s son ”—the Duke of Gloucester had been driven to exile and death by Richard—“ who led him straight to the castle, whence, after one night’s rest, he was conveyed to London.”

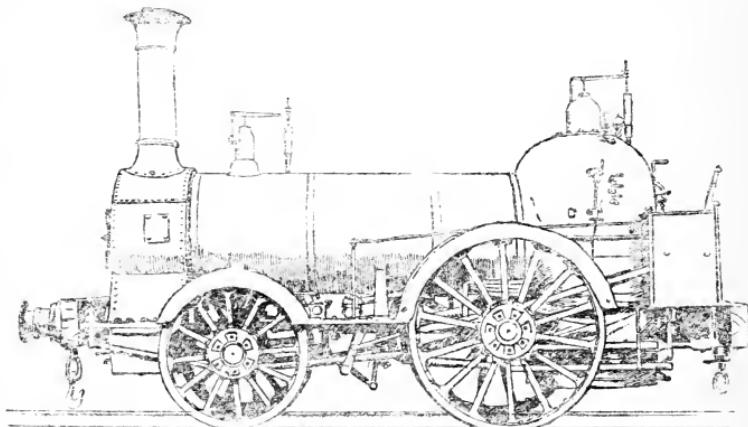
All the world knows what followed—the deposition of Richard in Westminster Hall, his imprisonment at Pontefract, and his murder there, or perhaps his escape to the Hebrides, and long exile in the hands of the Duke of Albany in Scotland.

At a later day, on the outbreak of the Civil Wars of Charles I., Flint Castle was garrisoned by Sir Roger Mostyn for the King. This stout knight, who spent £60,000 for King Charles, and who in twelve hours raised 1,500 men for the royal army, held out against a long siege by the army of the Parliament. Two years after its fall it was retaken by the Royalists, and on its final surrender to Cromwell’s forces in 1646 it was ordered to be dismantled.

But by far the most magnificent of all the strongholds of North Wales were the three great castles built by Edward I. That English king rebuilt several of the older fastnesses in the Principality, but none of these can compare with three which he built for him-

London and North-Western Railway

self after his final conquest of Llewellyn, and execution of David, in 1283. The same architect, Henry de Elreton, planned all three, but it would seem as if Edward himself had brought home with him from his Crusade an impression of the fortresses of the Saracens, and had inspired his architect with an idea of the character of those buildings. All three must in their day have been among the most splendid castles in



An Early Engine.

Britain, and one remains, even in ruin, among the most magnificent in Europe.

Conway Castle, the first of them, forms a vast triangle of thick and lofty walls, along which are ranged eight mighty circular embattled towers. Each tower is 40 feet in outside diameter, with walls 11 feet thick, and the vast banqueting-hall in the outer court is 130 feet long and 30 feet wide, with a great carved fireplace at each end, and smaller ones at the sides.

The Castles of Old Wales

Here Edward I. spent at least one royal Christmas with Eleanor, his queen, and a host of his nobles, and here on another occasion the king came near to being captured by his enemies. With no more than a few followers he had crossed the river in advance of his army, when the tide flowed in and cut him off. Immediately noticing what had happened, the Welsh poured out of their fastnesses, and furiously attacked the castle. The little garrison had only a small quantity of bread and honey to live upon, and it looked as if they might be forced by famine to surrender, but at last a fleet from Ireland came into the river with troops and provisions, and the castle was relieved.

Edward was at Conway when word reached him that, in a despairing raid into Radnorshire, Llewellyn had been slain. They brought him the prince's head to prove the tale, and he sent it to London, to be carried through the streets on the point of a spear, wearing a silver crown in mock fulfilment of Merlin's prophecy as to a Prince of Wales being crowned in London.

Edward II. held a Court at Conway in 1310, and Richard II. had gathered his last army round him here when his heart failed him, and he went to the fatal meeting with his cousin Henry at Flint, which led to his imprisonment and death. In the Wars of the Roses and the wars of Charles I. the stronghold was captured again and again. On the last occasion its captor, the Parliamentary General Mytton, had the Irish garrison all tied back to back and thrown into the river to

London and North-Western Railway

drown. Finally, after his Restoration, Charles II. gave the castle to the Earl of Conway, and that greedy vandal could find no better use for the storied stronghold of so many centuries than to strip the lead and timber from the roof, and send them to Ireland for sale. It served him rightly when the ship was wrecked, and all the plunder of the castle which he should have regarded as a public trust went to the bottom of the sea. With its secret chambers, dungeons, and underground passages Conway Castle made a fitting scene at a later day for Monk Lewis's sensational drama, "The Castle Spectre."



"Chocolates!"

A stronghold hardly less interesting than Conway is that of Beaumaris on the coast of Anglesey. With its secret passages and chambers in the walls, and gloomy dungeons underground, it is strange that this fortress has not long ago, like Conway Castle, been made the scene of some thrilling romance. Its name is said to be from "Beau Marais," the Beautiful Marsh, chosen by the king for the site of his stronghold on account of the ease with which a moat could be made around it, and a canal could be cut to allow of vessels bringing provisions up to its walls. Traces of the canal were to be seen not long ago, and the iron rings to which the ships were fastened are still shown, while one can still see how a part of the fortifi-

The Castles of Old Wales

cation was planned to protect the vessels and the men at work unloading them.

Like Conway, the castle is formed of huge screen walls, round which are ranged ten mighty circular bastion towers, and, with gateways defended by several portcullises, or iron descending doors, it must have been an altogether impregnable place in the days before cannon were invented. Not much real history, however, belongs to Beaumaris, and, as if to make up for this, the story has been invented that within these walls Edward I. carried out a massacre of the Welsh bards, who by their songs and chants had stirred up Llewellyn and the Welsh people to resist the English claims of sovereignty. Something like this was done at an earlier time by a certain conqueror in Greece, who, when he captured a city, ordered the heads of all the orators to be cut off. But in the case of Edward I. the story is not true.

Beaumaris was garrisoned and put into a state of defence for the last time in 1642, when it was held by the Earl of Dorset for Charles I. against the Parliament; but in 1646 it was surrendered to Cromwell's officers, and by-and-by was dismantled.

Greatest and most famous, however, of Edward's three tremendous fortresses is the Castle of Carnarvon. As the Welsh beheld its mighty walls and towers rising slowly before their eyes they must have felt hope of ever again being able to shake off the English yoke sink in their hearts. With its walls 10 feet in thick-

London and North-Western Railway

ness, and its thirteen massive towers, it was the last and strongest rivet of the chain which Edward forged around the freedom of Wales.

Carnarvon Castle took thirty-eight years to build, and was not finished till Edward had been fifteen years in his grave. Like his two other great strongholds, it was placed where it could be reached both by sea and land, for the king was well aware of the help the English fleet could bring to a beleaguered place. Its main gate, named after Edward himself, is set in a great square tower, reached by a bridge over the deep, impassable moat, and was closed, not only with a mighty door, whose hinges and staples are still to be seen, but by no fewer than four heavy portcullises which no invader could lift. As they entered the castle courtyard, and heard the drawbridge rise and the portcullises one after another thunder down behind them, the master of the place might well deem himself secure against the world outside, and the captive feel the last faint hope of escape die out in his breast.

Notwithstanding its strength, however, Carnarvon Castle was captured again and again, and at least one prisoner found his way out of its dungeons. Before the stronghold was finished it was attacked, and its garrison driven out by Madoc, the son of Llewellyn, who followed up his success by burning both castle and town. The damage was repaired, and when Owen Glendower, in his great rising in the year 1400, which

The Castles of Old Wales

for a time promised to revive the glories of old Wales, attacked the place, he found himself repulsed from the walls. But during the Wars of the Roses the fortress was captured again and again in turn by the adherents of York and Lancaster. And in the later Civil War, after Cromwell's forces had taken and plundered it, it was besieged and captured again and again in turn by the Royalists and the Parliament men. It was amid these last-named changes of ownership that a notable prisoner escaped. William Prynne, described as "a lawyer distinguished for constitutional knowledge, but the most obstinate and narrow-minded of men," had written a book which he called "Histrionamatrix." This not only attacked actors, whom it called "ministers of Satan," and theatres, which it termed "devil's chapels," while it violently abused the people who indulged in hunting, cards, music, Christmas decoration, and the like, but it also included an attack upon the queen.

Prynne was evidently a "crank," and might have been left to the ridicule of sensible men. But the Government took up the matter, and for his offence sentenced him to pay a fine of £5,000, to be dismissed



Carnarvon Castle.

London and North-Western Railway

from the Bar, and deprived of his degree, then to be set in the pillory, to have his ears cut off, to be branded on both cheeks, and to be imprisoned in Carnarvon Castle for life. It must have been a marvellous day for him when Cromwell's forces captured the fortress, his dungeon-door was opened, and he was bade come forth a free man.

But the most famous event in the long story of Carnarvon Castle took place in the days of Edward I. himself. All the world knows how, after the fall of Llewellyn, Edward summoned the Welsh chiefs to meet him here, and how, when he asked them to agree with him in arranging for the good government of the country, they clamoured out that they would acknowledge no prince but one born in Wales, who should speak to them in the Welsh tongue. The scene in the great hall at that moment has been made the subject of a well-known picture. With ready tact in the emergency, Edward produced before them his infant son, born in Carnarvon itself a few days previously. "Here," he cried, "is the prince you seek. He has been born in Wales, and I undertake that he shall speak to you in the Welsh tongue."

Thus it was that the son of Edward I., who was afterwards the unfortunate Edward II., became the first English Prince of Wales.

From that day till the twentieth century, though the eldest son of every English and British king has been Prince of Wales, it is probable that none was



SOUTH STACK LIGHTHOUSE, HOLYHEAD.

From Holyhead the London and North Western Railway receives and despatches the Irish mails and passengers.

The Castles of Old Wales

ever invested with the title and dignity on Welsh soil. At last, however, on June 13, 1911, the mighty walls of Carnarvon Castle saw the splendour of royal pageantry again, when Edward, the eldest son of King George V. was duly invested there with the ancient name and insignia of Prince of Wales. He is the eighteenth that has borne the title since the fall of the House of Llewellyn.

CHAPTER VIII

THREE FAMOUS BATTLE-FIELDS

It is common, among people who have only looked at history on the surface, to suppose that the battles of bygone centuries in this country were fought merely to satisfy the ambitions and personal purposes of nobles and kings. While a few of the struggles may have been nothing better than this, by far the greater number had very different and more serious cause. People fought then, as they might fight now, to redress their wrongs and upset an unjust government that was threatening them with destruction and driving them to despair. The London and North-Western Railway to-day passes by several of these old battle-fields where men fought out their differences, and an interesting book might be written on the reasons for these conflicts, as well as the results which flowed from them. Meanwhile the battle-fields themselves are

London and North Western Railway

interesting for the blows that were struck and the bravery that was shown on both sides of the field.

Shrewsbury to-day is one of the most picturesque towns in England. It still remains a town, for when one of the English kings offered to make it a city the



Market Hall, Shrewsbury.

people refused, declaring that they preferred to remain the first of towns rather than become the last of cities. Hence their soubriquet of "Proud Salopians," and the name of their principal street, Pride Hill. They have real reason for pride, however, in the beautiful, quaint, old-world nooks and buildings of their town, and the strange and stirring memories that belong to it. Among these memories not least is that of the great battle fought under its walls in 1403.

Three Famous Battle-Fields

King Richard II. had not long been deposed by his cousin of Lancaster, Henry IV., when the Welsh chiefs thought they saw their chance to throw off the English yoke, and under Owen Glendower, of the race of their ancient princes, swept the English garrisons from their castles. Glendower followed the plan pursued by the Scots king, Robert the Bruce, eighty years before. When his enemies invaded the country they found it a wilderness, with no one to oppose them, but as they retreated, starving and exhausted, the Welsh rushed down from their fastnesses, and cut them off piecemeal.

At last the English king heard that Henry Percy, the famous Hotspur, son of the great Earl of Northumberland, and Archibald, the doughty Scottish Earl of Douglas, were marching to help the Welsh, and, gathering together an army, he hastened to intercept them. As it proved, he was no more than in time. The royal forces entered Shrewsbury on the one side just as Percy and Douglas approached from the other to seize the town. Finding themselves too late, the Scots and Northumbrians drew off to Hartfield, a mile away. Thereupon the king drew out his forces by the east gate, both sides formed up in array of battle, and with shouts of "Esperance!" on one side, and "St. George!" on the other, they rushed into combat.

Soon, according to Walsingham, the chronicler of the struggle, the dead lay under the arrow-flights "as

London and North-Western Railway

thick as leaves in autumn.” Then Earl Douglas, the great Scottish “Tyneman,” charged with his vanguard of Scots, and only the bravery of Henry IV. himself and his son, the “wild Prince Hal,” saved the fortunes of the day. Three hours of terrific hand-to-hand fight and carnage followed, and then Douglas charged again. This time he got so near the king as to slay the royal standard-bearer, and he might have slain Henry himself had not the Earl of Stafford thrown himself before his master. It looked as if the king’s forces must give way, when Hotspur, hot with the dust of battle, lifted the visor of his helmet for a breath of air, and a sudden arrow, piercing through his brain, laid him dead on the spot.

That catastrophe ended the struggle. The followers of Percy fled, the Scots were cut to pieces, and the Earl of Douglas was severely wounded and made prisoner. Fourteen thousand had fought on each side, and of these, 2,000 knights and 6,000 yeomen lay dead on the field. On the spot where Hotspur fell King Henry caused the church of Battlefield to be built.

A little to the east, again, of the main line for the North, at Market Bosworth, lies the scene of another great battle, which in very obvious fashion decided the fate of the English crown. Very much as Richard II. had misgoverned the country a hundred years before, Richard III. was misgoverning it in 1485 when fate overtook him here. Shakespeare’s play has made his misdeeds notorious to all—the murder of his

Three Famous Battle-Fields

brother's sons, by which he gained the throne, and the other murders and horrors by which he kept himself there and glutted his guilty passions. He was about to secure his seat upon the throne by a marriage with his niece Elizabeth, sister of the princes he had murdered, when, as in the case of Richard II., a new Henry of the House of Lancaster appeared upon the scene.

Katherine of France, the widow of Henry V., had married, as her second husband, a Welsh gentleman named Owen Tudor. Their son, Edmund Tudor, had been made Earl of Richmond, and had married Margaret Beaufort, heiress of the Duke of Somerset, and great-granddaughter of John of Gaunt; and the son of this pair again, Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, was now, through his mother, the only English representative of the House of Lancaster. This Welsh noble of the royal blood had sought a refuge in Brittany from the jealous hostility of the Yorkist kings, Edward IV. and Richard III., but now he landed suddenly at Milford Haven, and the country came flocking to his standard.

At last the two armies met on Bosworth Field. There Richard saw his chief supporters fall from him. First Lord Stanley went over to the enemy with his division; then Northumberland did the same. At the sight, with a cry of "Treason! Treason!" Richard dashed into the thick of the fight, and in the fury of despair had hewed his way into Henry's very presence, and thrown the Lancastrian standard down, when he

London and North-Western Railway

fell, overwhelmed by the numbers of his enemies. As the battle ended, the crown which Richard had worn upon his helmet was found under a hawthorn-bush, and with it Henry Tudor was crowned Henry VII. upon the battle-field. Thus, after all, the ancient prophecy of Merlin came true, and a Welsh prince was crowned an English king.

Farther north there is another field where, at an interval of seventy years, two later, though less momentous, actions were fought. This is at Preston, where, before the days of corridor-trains and dining-saloons, passengers by the London and North-Western Railway used to stop for twenty minutes to dine. Few, perhaps, of these passengers, as they hurried from their carriages to the refreshment-room and back, had time to think of the terrible work that had been done near the spot.

The first of the battles took place in the year 1648. It was in the last days of Charles I. The king was a prisoner at Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight, and when they knew of his danger a large number of people in his ancient kingdom of Scotland determined to try to set him free. This they might have managed to do if their leader had been a good general, and they had been more accustomed to war. But the Duke of Hamilton was no resolute military leader, and his men were for the most part as little used to war as himself.

The Scottish army was 20,000 strong, however, and as it marched southward the English general Lambert

Three Famous Battle-Fields

could do no more than hang upon its rear. If the Scots could set Charles free, and then reach London, they would find themselves among friends, for the English Parliament had declared for Presbyterianism—it was on the point of going over to the king's side—and between them they might defy Cromwell and Fairfax with their army of Independents. It looked as if the road were open, for Fairfax was besieging the Presbyterians of the East in Colchester, while Cromwell was doing the same with those of the West in Pembroke.

But at that critical moment Pembroke surrendered, and Cromwell found his hands free. By forced marches the great general of the Ironsides made his way northward into Yorkshire. There he called Lambert to join him, and with 10,000 men marched down Ribblesdale to intercept the Scots.

The Duke's army, which had been joined by 3,000 English recruits, was straggling across the Ribble at Preston when, like a thunderbolt, Cromwell descended on its flank. As it hurried its crossing of the river he kept it company ; at Wigan, fifteen miles to the south, he cut its rear-guard to pieces—"Cromwell's Ditch"



Signal Box, with Electrically-operated Signals.

London and North-Western Railway

is to be seen there in the town's outskirts to the present day; and at Warrington, ten miles further south still, where it made a last desperate stand, he forced the infantry to surrender, and sent Lambert in pursuit of the Duke and his cavalry, which had been compelled to flee.

The second action at Preston took place in November, 1715, and as it occurred on the same day as the Battle of Sheriffmuir in Scotland, marked the close of the Jacobite Rebellion of that year against King George I. Under the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster a little force of Catholic and Jacobite gentlemen had assembled in Northumberland, and proclaimed "King James III." They were joined by 2,000 Highlanders under Brigadier Mackintosh, whom the Earl of Mar, leader of the rising in Scotland, had sent south to beat up the country, and they marched into Lancashire, where the Catholic party was strongest. Here they found the troops of King George closing round them, and were forced to barricade themselves in Preston. They repulsed the attack of General Willis on the first day, only to find another Government army preparing to attack them from the opposite quarter next morning, and they were forced to surrender without terms.

The results of that affair were sad enough for a number of those chiefly concerned. Four of the Jacobites, who had been officers under the Government, were shot a few days later in the town, while twenty-

Three Famous Battle-Fields

four others were afterwards executed here and at Tyburn. Among the rest, the Earl of Winton managed to saw through the window-bars of his prison in London, and the Earl of Nithsdale escaped from the Tower in woman's clothes, while a number, by bribing their warders and by other means, escaped. But the Earls of Kenmure and Derwentwater were beheaded, and several peers forfeited titles and estates.

One rather amusing incident, which relieves the sadness of the tragedy, has been put on record by Sir Walter Scott. On the night of surrender, it appears the Jacobites at Preston, after being plundered even of their clothes, were confined in a church. Among them a Scottish gentleman, supposed to be fatally wounded, was being watched by a friend, who every moment expected him to breathe his last. "After much sickness," says the narrator, "the wounded man's stomach relieved itself by discharging a piece of his scarlet waistcoat, which the ball had carried into his body. The assistant, much amazed, observed: 'Heigh, Walter, I am fain to see you have a stock of braid cloth in your bowels; and since it is so, I wish you would exert yourself again, and bring up as much as would mak' a pair of breeks, for I am mickle in need o' them.'" It is pleasant to know that this provider of broadcloth presently recovered.

Following the two disasters to Royalist and Jacobite forces at Preston, it is little to be wondered at that, when Prince Charles Edward's Highland army, in its

London and North-Western Railway

invasion of England in 1745, arrived at the place, the clansmen showed the utmost reluctance to pass through it. The superstitious feeling was only overcome when Lord George Murray led a detachment across the Ribble Bridge, a mile beyond the town.

CHAPTER IX

WEST COAST WATERING-PLACES

IF an object-lesson were wanted of the improvements which may be effected by industry and enterprise in the most unpromising circumstances, a better could not be found than in the famous watering-places which to-day line the Lancashire coast.

A little over a century ago the site upon which Southport stands was nothing more than a wilderness of sand-dunes. It is true there was the little ancient hamlet of Churchtown to the north, with its memories of the brethren of Lindisfarne resting there with the body of St. Cuthbert as far back as the year 880 ; while Martin Mere at hand, once one of the largest sheets of water in England, was traditionally said to have given its title to the Arthurian hero, Sir Lancelot of the Lake. But on the site of Southport itself there were only a few fishermen's huts and a tiny haven for the fisher-boats.

It was only in 1792 that William Sutton, of Churchtown, noticing the number of people who had begun

West Coast Watering-Places

to make their way daily to the spot for sea-bathing, set up a booth, made of the shore wreckage, for the supply of light refreshments. Sutton was laughed at by his neighbours, and called a fool for his pains, but he lived to see his booth grow into the Original Hotel, and the few fishermen's huts develop into a prosperous watering - place, which was afterwards to absorb Churchtown itself.

Southport has now a resident population of 55,000 souls, and is one of the most charming and fashionable resorts on the British coasts. Its sandy soil is dry and warm, its air is of the purest, and it has been furnished with all the amenities and means of amusement that holiday-makers of the better class at the present day demand. With sunny lawns and gay parterres, with shady avenues and tree-lined boulevards, it well deserves the name of a garden city. Its Zoo and its Botanic Gardens, its Hesketh Park and Victoria Park, to say nothing of numerous bowling-greens and recreation-grounds, afford pleasant sheltered haunts in the wildest weather. The sea-bathing is unsurpassed;



George Stephenson, Inventor of
the First Railway Engine.

London and North-Western Railway

the spacious Marine Lake and the blue waters of the open sea afford boating, and yachting, and steamer-sailing of every degree and variety, and the miles of superb sands, changed and washed at every turn of the tide, form a matchless sunning-place and sporting-ground for old and young.

For good weather or bad, besides, there exist endless amusements of the most up-to-date sort. There is military music practically all day, and all summer long, in the Municipal Gardens, where at night myriads of lamps, and the illuminated fountains, gleaming among the trees, make, with the brilliant moving crowds, a veritable fairy-land. At the Opera House there are the latest plays performed by the best London companies. At the Pier Pavilion and the Empire the "stars" of the variety firmament coruscate nightly. Dancing lawn and hall attract their own especial devotees. And "all the fun of the fair" is to be had on the water-chute, the captive flying-machines, the bicycle railway, the helter-skelter, the switchback, the marine-about, the figure-of-eight, and a dozen other modern devices, at the South Marine Park, in a region of its own, where it does not interfere with the quieter and more dignified amenities of the place.

Among the recognized sports to be enjoyed, devotees of the royal and ancient game find themselves here in a sort of golfer's paradise, for there are no fewer than nine golf-courses available within ten miles of the town—six of them with eighteen holes, and three with nine.

West Coast Watering-Places

As a matter of fact, the coast hereabout, with its grassy links and dunes, bears a singular resemblance to that of St. Andrew's and the eastern sea-board of Scotland, where the famous game had its original home.

For the cyclist also there are excellent level roads in all directions, and countless places of interest to make pilgrimage to. Preston, with its Jacobite memories, is only twenty miles away, Rufford only eleven, Childwall Abbey twenty-four, and Garstang, on the Wyer, thirty-one miles. Within easy driving distance lies Ormskirk, with its quaint, old-fashioned square, its gingerbread, and its interesting market on Thursdays. There is the old ivied chapel, or abbey, too, at Lydiate Hall ; and at Sefton, twelve miles south of Southport, are the famous meadows, flooded and frozen over in winter, where the finest skating is to be enjoyed. Ashurst Beacon, between Parbold and Appley Bridge, has been the scene of countless happy picnics ; and Freshfield, with its strawberry-gardens, has provided merry parties with many a luscious feast. Among other spots of interest are the pretty village of Scarisbrick, four miles out ; Formby, where the first English potatoes are said to have been grown, eight miles away ; Halsall, with its historic church, six miles ; and Burscough, with its antique priory, eight miles distant ; as well as Much Hoole, with the old Carr House, from which the young curate, Jeremiah Horrox, made the first recorded observation of the transit of Venus in 1639.

London and North-Western Railway

Even nearer at hand, within easy reach of the pedestrian, lie the pretty, old-time villages of Churchtown, Marshside, Crossens, and Banks, with their picturesque thatched cottages to charm the envier of the simple life, and such interesting old mansions as Lathom House, with historic memories enough to satisfy the most romantic. It was at Lathom that the famous Countess of Derby, Charlotte de la Tremouille, herself claiming descent from the old Greek Emperors, held out for a whole year with a garrison of only three hundred men against the forces of the Parliament during the Civil Wars ; and the place was only taken later, after a siege of five months, by a force of four thousand men, when the Countess had gone to join her husband in the Isle of Man, of which he was king.

Southport is famous also as a motoring centre. The speed-trials of the Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland have been held here, and the open roads in all directions present unsurpassed opportunities of enjoyment. Also, during the weeks of the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, and the Waterloo coursing meeting, the town becomes the pleasant headquarters of gay and interested crowds.

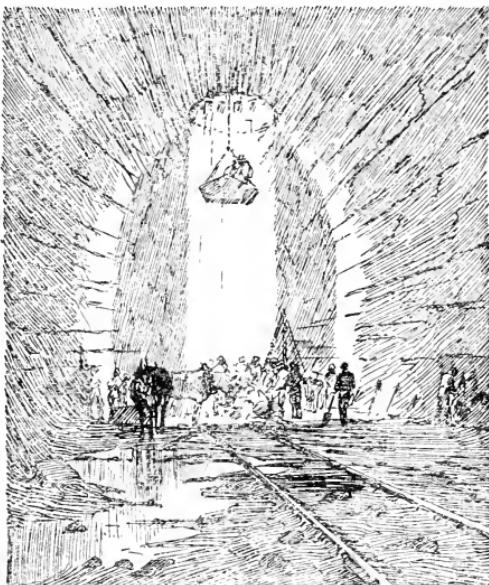
For nine months in the year the warm west winds blow in from the sea ; the bleak north-east and east are hardly known. There is no snowfall to speak of, and there are but few days on which one may not enjoy at least a few hours of bright sunshine. It is little wonder, therefore, that more and more, of late, the

West Coast Watering-Places

pleasant sea-coast town has become almost as much a winter as a summer resort.

Even more wonderful has been the rise of that other and more democratic seaside pleasure-city to the north of the Ribble estuary—Blackpool. As late as the end of the eighteenth century this was described as a village possessing no place of public worship, where the chief amusements were to walk upon the sands or along the parade, “a pretty grass walk on the verge of the sea-bank, divided from the road with white rails.” Since that description was written the change has been mighty indeed. The pretty grass walk of two hundred yards has grown into a promenade three and a half miles long, and the churchless village has grown into a great pleasure-city by the sea.

Blackpool has no claim to picturesque beauty ; it has grown up on a flat sand coast, without mountains or woodlands to form a background. Its chief and real charm is the sea that rolls at its feet, with the glorious



Cutting the Shaft in Kilsby Tunnel.

London and North-Western Railway

playground of firm golden sands and the ozone-laden breezes that bring health to the heart and colour to the cheek of the crowds of happy visitors who throng its piers and esplanades. To these natural attractions the enterprise of the place has added the charms of a mighty Eiffel Tower and a Great Wheel, from which vast views are to be enjoyed over sea and land, and in connection with which a whole world of entertainment—zoos and theatres and dancing-halls—offer abundant occupation for the few rainy days to which the town is subject. Besides these, the stately pleasure-palaces of other sorts, the piers and music-halls, the sumptuous hydropathics and hotels, all go to render Blackpool the greatest and most popular seaside resort in the world.

Of the three great piers, the south-west, or Victoria Pier, with its entertainments, appeals chiefly to children. Beside it are the finest sands; and near it the sandhills, which stretch away to St. Anne's, are the scene of every known form of amusement, from Aunt Sallies to flying-machines, providing perpetual and uproarious merriment. The North Pier, again, is famous for its orchestra and its classical concerts, and of a Sunday morning the promenade there goes a long way to rival the similar fashionable parade at the same hour in Hyde Park. And midway between the two the Central Pier forms the rendezvous of the Lancashire lads and lassies, who find their amusement in open-air dancing and other enjoyments of popular sort. From the piers an excellent fleet of steamers

West Coast Watering-Places

plies north, south, and westward—to the Lake District, and Wales, and the Isle of Man—and sailing-yachts embark happy companies for cruises to less distant points along the neighbouring coast.

The view of Blackpool from the piers when the sun has gone down in golden magnificence over the Irish Sea is something to be long remembered. Not only are there the lines of light along the great sea-front, with its three tiers of esplanade, but there are the millions of electric lamps which shed brilliance about the pleasure-palaces, and diffuse a ruddy glow over the salient features of the town.

Of outdoor amusements Blackpool has endless variety to offer. The golfer in particular has abundant choice of links, from those on the breezy uplands of the North Shore cliffs to those which lie between the southern end of the promenade and leafy Lytham, and are reached by a pleasant run on the electric cars.

The cyclist, too, finds himself within easy reach of a country of wonderful hedgerows, woods, and downs. The district surrounding Blackpool, known as the Fylde, has many historic and other interests, and in a brief space the pilgrim on foot or wheels may penetrate into an old-world region, with at every turn some spot or object reminiscent of the brave and cruel days of long ago.

With all these and a thousand other attractions, it is little wonder that Southport, Blackpool, and the other watering-places of the Lancashire coast, like Fleetwood,

London and North-Western Railway

Morecambe, and St. Anne's, draw such mighty crowds of all sorts and conditions of men to enjoy their pleasures by the sea.

CHAPTER X

THE HOLIDAY ISLAND

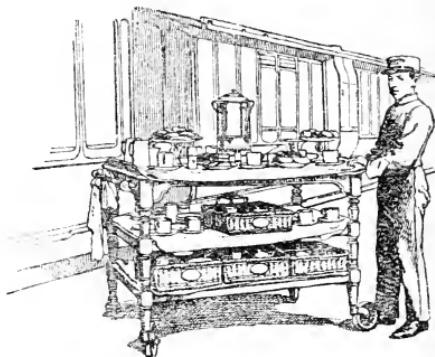
WHEN one remembers that, by the West Coast Route from Euston, the famous Isle of Man is to be reached in some eight hours, and that from Manchester it can be reached in four, one ceases to marvel that this wonderful "gem of the sea" has become so astonishingly popular as a place of holiday. No part of the British Isles has laid itself out more to attract and entertain visitors than this quaint and compact little kingdom in the Irish Sea, and the gay crowds who every year throng the chief centres of the island—Douglas, Ramsey, Castletown, and Peel—testify to the success of its effort. When it is stated that at Douglas the visitor can live in the best hotels at 7s. 6d. a day, and in the palatial boarding-houses along "the front" at 5s. 6d., it will be seen that a holiday there need not be an expensive undertaking. It is said that there is housing in that town alone for from fifty to sixty thousand visitors in the season.

Alike upon land and on sea at Douglas there are endless amusements for the holiday-maker. On account of the buoyancy and clearness of the water, the sea-

The Holiday Island

bathing is a joy for ever ; and the sailing and fishing along the picturesque coast, in one of the many yachts plying for hire, provide endless and varying delight. Ashore there are golf-links and bowling-greens, cricket and tennis grounds, for recreation during the day, while for the evenings there are theatres and musichalls and dancing assemblies on the most lavish scale. With its sunny skies and clear blue seas, its moving crowds ashore and gay pleasure-craft afloat, and the finely-built semicircle of its bay surrounded by an amphitheatre of wooded heights, and a background of distant mountains, it is little marvel that Douglas appears a summer elysium to hundreds of thousands of hard-wrought English folk.

Next to Douglas in size and holiday enterprise is the town of Ramsey, near the northern end of the island. Of quieter and more exclusive character than Douglas, it is not less well provided with attractions for the maker of holiday. Boating and fishing and bathing, cricket and tennis, bowls and croquet and golf—all are amply provided for, and the visitor is everywhere welcomed with hospitable frankness as a fellow-sportsman. In addition there is picnicking in the Elfin Glen, or in one of the many secluded creeks along the shore ; there is capital angling in the Sulby



Hot Coffee and Cakes.

London and North-Western Railway

River, the best fishing stream in the island ; and there is cycling for miles upon miles on fine, level, well-kept roads. The antiquary, too, has endless field for exploration among the prehistoric remains of the neighbourhood, and many an excursion is to be made, by rail or afoot, to scenes of natural loveliness and spots of historic interest. Even in the town itself, the older part, by the harbour, with its quaint character and arrangement, has many a tale to tell of the days when, owing to the peculiar political position of the island, smuggling was one of the most lucrative occupations of the inhabitants of Man. To quote a very just appraisement : “ For beauty of situation, and for opportunities of enjoyment, whether on land or sea—in mountaineering among little-trod and less-known peaks, in exploring the recesses of fairy-haunted glens hidden deep amid rugged mountains, in climbing the beetling crags of a wild and rocky coast, in searching for seabirds’ eggs, or rare, cliff-haunting plants, in sailing over the clear waters of the bay, or in wandering up the woodland glens, whipping the river-pools for speckled trout or silvery salmon—Ramsey has few equals within the wide circuit of the British Isles ; and he who could not spend a pleasant holiday in it, and, at its close, go back to his labours stronger in body and healthier in mind, must be singularly destitute of that love of the beautiful in Nature which is the last and best of good gifts.”

Compared with the half-million or so of visitors

The Holiday Island

who every year flock to Douglas for their pleasure, the twenty thousand or thereabouts who make their way to Ramsey may appear only a small number, but there are those for whom the comparative quiet itself forms one of the latter place's charms.

The village and valley of Laxey, again, halfway between the two resorts, and connected with both towns by a frequent service of electric cars, has still more of the charm of rural and seaside simplicity. Its beach is a lovely strand and a perfect bathing-place. The Laxey Glen Gardens, with their shady bowers, alleys, and bowling-greens, croquet and tennisgrounds, form a charming and famous resort. And the valley itself, with its gorges and waterfalls, its woods and crags, field-paths and country lanes, affords a rambling-ground of endless delight. Here is to be seen the famous

Laxey Water-Wheel, which is one of the sights of the island ; and here is the starting-place of the mountain electric railway which winds to the summit of Snaefell, the highest mountain in Man.

The eastern coast of the island, however, is the most modern and least historic. For relics of the curious and fascinating past of the little kingdom one must go



Signal Box (London &
Harrow).

London and North-Western Railway

chiefly to the west and south. In the south, Derby Haven, Castletown, Port St. Mary, and Port Erin, are all delightful resorts, with vivid interests and memories to delight the visitor.

Castletown, on the banks of the Silverburn, in the bay of its own name, clusters round the old Castle of Rushen like some little old grey French town round its chateau, or like one of the romantic little places nestling under the walls of old baronial strongholds on the Rhine. The castle is said to be perhaps the best-preserved medieval stronghold in the British Isles, and with its heavy donjon, thick walls, double moat, and drawbridge, keeps many memories of the days when it was one of the impregnable keys of the Lordship of Man—when it had its own Mint and Brewery, and the Governor and Deemsters sat at the gate to hear pleadings and do justice to the poor. Above the gateway are still to be seen the slots by which burning tar and boiling lead could be poured on the stronghold's assailants, and beside the entrance of the keep is shown the cell in which an irate Governor shut up the Bishop, with whom he had quarrelled, and only set him free after two months, when he had contracted disease from which he never recovered. The keep contains a museum, which boasts among its treasures not only a fine collection of ancient runes and crosses, but one of the finest specimens of the Irish elk now in existence ; the castle clock, which still keeps time for the town, was a gift of Queen Elizabeth in 1597 ; and the fortified

The Holiday Island

house in front of the stronghold, now the Court-house, was built for Charlotte de la Tremouille, the “Great Countess” of Derby, when that family were the kings of Man.

Until the removal of the Governor’s residence, the Legislature, and the chief Law Courts, to their present more central position in Douglas, Castletown was by far the most important town in the island, and to-day, with the advantage of low rates and rents, and good educational establishments, it is in much repute as a residential place. At the same time, for the casual maker of holiday there are many attractions. The sea-bathing is of the best, the golf-links are but a few minutes’ walk away, the coast is one of the finest fishing-grounds in Britain, and the cyclist has an endless choice of excellent and charming excursions within easy reach. The geologist in particular finds much to interest him at Castletown, for the igneous rocks of Lhea Rhio and Scarlett Stack, and the conglomerate deposits and natural arches at Scarlett and Langness, are noted subjects, while the limestone fossils at Poolvash, and the quarry of black marble at hand, from which the steps of St. Paul’s Cathedral were got, remain among the finest of their kind.

Derby Haven, on its own charming bay some two miles to the east of Castletown, is a little old-time fishing village, with interesting historical memories gathered about its fort, where one may rusticate, bathing, boating, and fishing to one’s heart’s content ;

London and North-Western Railway

while Port St. Mary in the other direction, five or six miles off, is a pleasant watering-place of the quieter kind, with a promenade and assembly rooms, golf-links and tennis-courts, and an ambitious harbour that cost the island £40,000 ; and Port Erin, once a tiny fisher-hamlet, on its sunny, sandy-beached inlet facing the west, has grown to note from its great harbour of refuge, on which the Imperial Government spent



Taking up Water at Bushey.

wonderful stone circle and remains of the fortified villages of the early inhabitants, as well as Bradda Moar, with Cronkna-Moar, its Fairy Hill, or prehistoric fort, and, not far from the latter, the ruins of Rushen Abbey. There are also on the promontory the famous Chasm and Spanish Head, so named from the wreck there of part of the great Armada.

But the chief traditions, and most of the history of the island, gather about Peel, with its ancient castle and cathedral church. The remains there, indeed,

£80,000, and which the waves and winds forthwith proceeded to demolish.

Between these two last resorts the southern promontory of the island holds many attractions for the antiquarian. There is

Cregneash, with its



Vienna, 100 blocks, VI. FAV 1900

1. Watch the Landstrasse and South-West of Rohrbach and the "Odeon" (Hofburg) 1. Aug. 1. and 2. 1900

The Holiday Island

link the present with a prehistoric past. These are gathered on St. Patrick's, or Peel Island, formerly separated from the mainland by a sea-channel sixty yards across, but now reached by an extension of the west quay. There one may see the Giant's Grave, a great funeral mound under which are believed to lie some mighty warriors of the later Stone Age. There stands a roofless Round Tower, like those in Ireland and at Brechin and Abernethy in Scotland—probably a relic of the early Celtic Church. There the ruins of St. Patrick's Church, one of the oldest in the British Isles, testify to the early traditional connection of the patron saint of Ireland with the Isle of Man. There the Cathedral of St. German, dating from the thirteenth century, perpetuates in its name the memory of St. Patrick's successor, who brought Christianity to the island in the fifth century, and banished from it devils, magicians, and venomous beasts. And there the royal castle, with its embattled wall of 1500, has probably seen the coming and going of all the successive races of kings and lords of Man.

As is well known, in the dawn of history the island was ruled by a line of British or Welsh kings. In the end of the ninth century, however, the Norwegian, Harald Haarfager, took possession of it. A few years later, in the beginning of the tenth century, Orry the Dane landed, was adopted by the inhabitants as their king, founded the Manx Constitution, and began a line of Scandinavian rulers which only came to an end

London and North-Western Railway

when, after the defeat of Hakon at Largs in 1263, Magnus, King of Norway, ceded the island to Alexander III. of Scotland. In 1290, after the death of the Scottish king, the island was induced to place itself under the protection of Edward I. of England, and, after being ruled by various royal favourites, it was in 1406 granted to Sir John Stanley, to be held of the English Crown for a cast of falcons at each coronation. The Derby family held it as kings and lords of Man till 1735, when it descended by inheritance to James, second Duke of Atholl. Thirty years later, on account of the prevalence of smuggling, the sovereignty was purchased by the British Government for £70,000, and the remaining rights of the Atholl family were finally transferred in 1829, the whole amount paid having amounted to £487,144. This sum may be regarded as the compensation ultimately paid for the aggressive seizure of the island from the Scottish Crown by Edward I. five centuries before.

Many thrilling associations with these bygone vicissitudes remain among the ruins on Peel Island. The cathedral contains a Runic monument to the memory of "Asrid, daughter of Ottar," which speaks of some princess of Norwegian times; and underneath, in the strong subterranean dungeon, among many other noble persons, Thomas, Earl of Warwick, was confined in the days of Richard II., and Elinor, Duchess of Gloucester, sentenced in 1440 to perpetual imprisonment there, miserably died. In the castle also is

The Holiday Island

shown the chamber in which Captain Christian, who had been Lieutenant-Governor for the Earl of Derby, but had rebelled against his widow, the Great Countess, and had handed the island over to the Parliament during the Civil War, was confined till his death. Many of the memories and traditions are recorded in Scott's "Peveril of the Peak," which is, of course, located here. Not the least thrilling of them all is the incident alluded to also in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" :

" But none of all the astonished train
Was so dismayed as Deloraine.
His blood did freeze, his brain did burn,
'Twas feared his mind would ne'er return ;
For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
Like him of whom the story ran,
Who spake the spectre-hound in Man."

According to a note in "Peveril," that spectre-hound, the Mauthe Dhu, like a large black spaniel, as soon as the lights were lit, used to enter the guard-room of the castle, and lie down before the fire. One night a drunken soldier, defying tradition and the remonstrances of his comrades, insisted on following it, "to see whether it were dog or devil." When, after an interval of awful sounds, he returned, he was speechless, his hair was white, and he died three days later in fearful agonies.

Man altogether is a peculiar island. Some four thousand of its inhabitants still speak Gaelic, and to the present day it makes its own laws, which are pro-

London and North-Western Railway

mulgated every year on July 5 on the Tynwald Hill near Peel. It is still a fishing and seafaring place, and one of the sights of Peel itself is the fishing-fleet, six hundred strong, which finds its anchorage in the harbour. The Bishop of the island is still the Bishop of Sodor and Man, though the first part of his title originally referred to the southern isles of the Hebrides, when they, like Man, were Norse possessions. Some years ago, it is said, a late Bishop was asked by a correspondent for the meaning of the first part of his title, and His Lordship wittily replied :

“ What does the title Sodor mean ?
Pray tell me if you can.
So strange are many facts we glean
About the Isle of Man.

“ That all the cats are wanting tails
We hear for evermore ;
It may be this accounts for tales
Which reach the English shore.

“ Well, ‘ Sodorenses ’—Southern Isles,
Is what the title means ;
Although perhaps you say with smiles,
‘ Tell that to the Marines !’

“ For in the palmy days of old,
When things went harum-scarum,
The Bishop did the title hold
Of Man—‘ et Insularum.’ ”

It is not commonly known that the present arms of the Isle of Man, which are legs—the three legs of a race of giants wearing that peculiarity, who are said

The Lake District

anciently to have possessed the island—date only from 1270. Previous to that time the insignia were a ship with its sails furled—a relative of the Norse birlinn, or galley, still to be seen in the arms of Lorne.

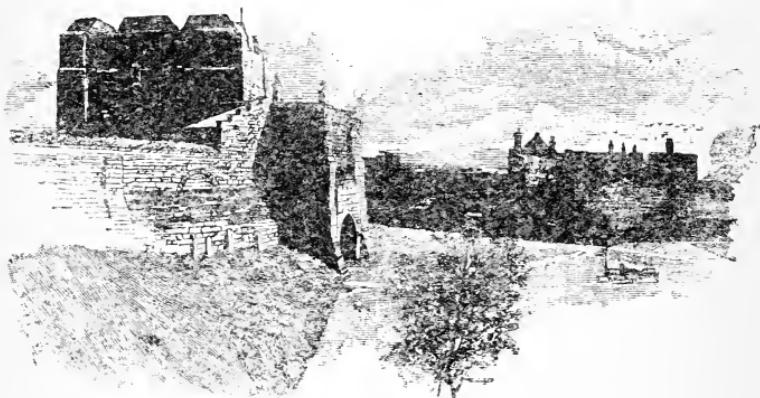
CHAPTER XI

THE LAKE DISTRICT

PERHAPS the most delightful region in all England for a holiday with staff and knapsack is that which lies towards the northern end of the London and North-Western Railway system. The Lake District of Cumberland and Westmorland is full from end to end of scenic loveliness and poetic memories. Wood and water, mountain and valley, furnish picturesque and splendid vistas at every turn throughout the region, while a thousand spots have gathered enchantment from the dreams and visions of the poets who for a long half-century made the district their chosen home. From the railway-stations of Carnforth or Oxenholme in the south of the district, or Penrith in the north, the holiday pilgrim may branch away into the region of becks and ghylls, meres and dales. If he be of the stalwart sort, he may take his baggage on his back, and on “Shanks’s nag,” spend a glorious fortnight or month of independence, tramping by fell and lakeside from dawn till dusk, exploring nooks rendered classic as the haunts of Wordsworth and Southey, Coleridge

London and North-Western Railway

and De Quincey, Scott and Christopher North and Alfred Tennyson, and finding quarters at night in village hostgeries and lakeside inns. On the other hand, for less athletic folk, the district is so intersected by branch lines of the railway, and there is so perfect a service of steamers on the lakes, and coaches from point to point, that one may explore almost every corner of the famous region without more exertion than the stepping from one conveyance to another.



Norman Keep, Carlisle Castle.

The pilgrim eager to see the southern or Westmorland lakes does well to branch off the main line of the railway at Carnforth. His route by the Furness Line carries him past many places of great interest and charm. To begin with, it winds away round the pleasant northern shores of Morecambe Bay, by Silverdale, with its rustic roads and shoreside paths among the lonely inlets, and by Arnside with its glimpse

The Lake District

of far Helvellyn. Then it crosses the Kent, winding at ebb amid its sandy shoals, and passes Grange, “the prettiest little watering-place between Wales and Scotland,” and, with Holker Hall, a seat of the Duke of Devonshire, on the right, spans the wide estuary of the Leven, which comes down from Windermere. Ulverston here has a ship-canal, said to be “the shortest, straightest, deepest, and widest in Great Britain,” and Conishead Priory at hand, now a famous hydropathic, stands on the site of a religious house founded in the time of Henry II.

From this point a short branch line runs up the deep wooded valley of the Leven, by Greenodd and the picturesque Newby Bridge, to the foot of Windermere, some six miles away. There, at Lake Side, one may board the little steam-yacht, and go sweeping northward along the lovely water-lane of Windermere itself. Graythwaite Hall, on the way, was the seat of Sir Henry Roscoe, and at Storrs may be seen the little temple to which Wordsworth, Southey, Canning, and Scott were brought, on a certain memorable day in 1825, by John Wilson of Elleray, afterwards famous as Christopher North, to witness a regatta got up in honour of the great “Wizard.”

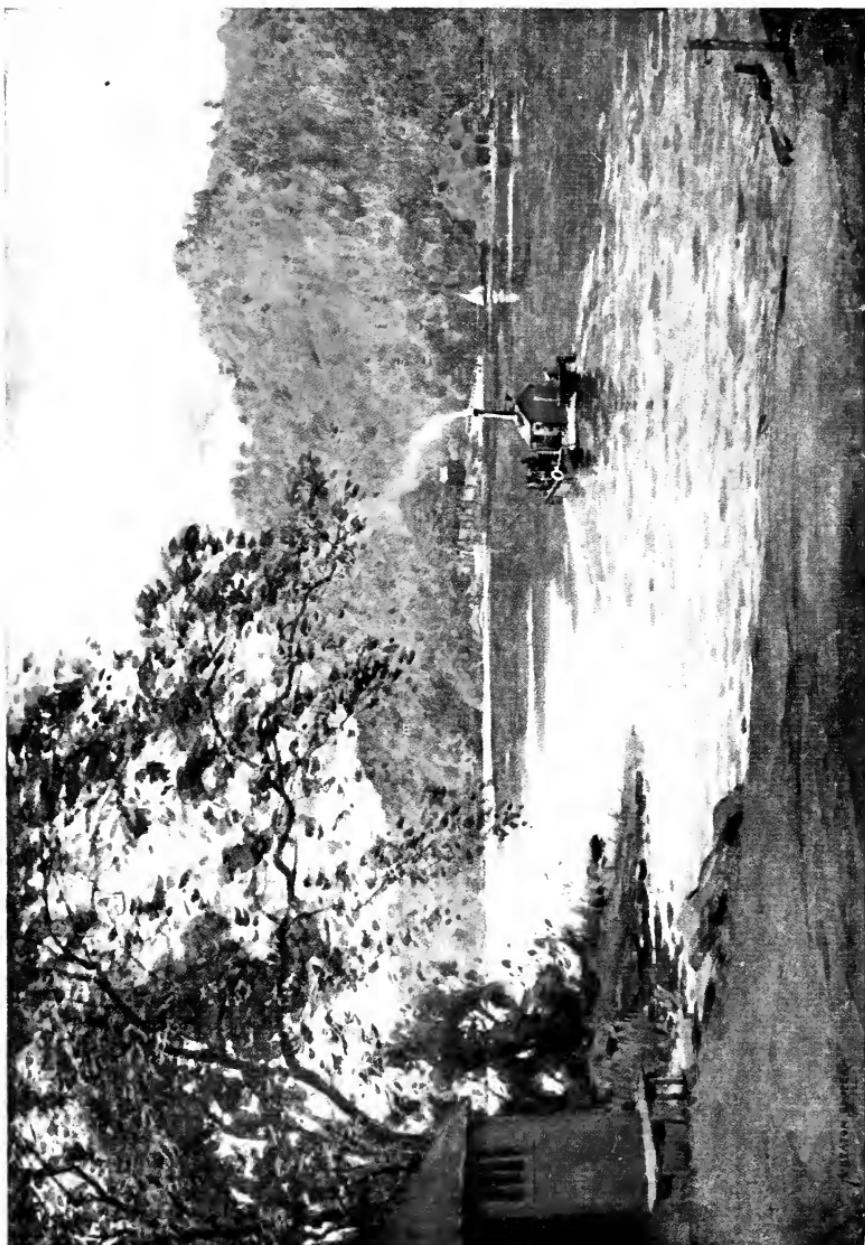
Beyond the picturesque Ferry, where the road for Esthwaite Water leads away on the left, Belle Island keeps memories of the wars of Charles I. There “Robin the Devil,” otherwise Major Philipson, kept Cromwell’s force under Colonel Briggs at bay for eight

London and North-Western Railway

months, till his brother relieved him. Then comes Bowness, the gay and busy centre of life on Windermere during the season, with, a mile away, Windermere village itself, and Elleray, the estate on which, as a young man, "Christopher North" settled to cultivate poetry and enjoy life. Still farther up the lake the steamer puts in at Low Wood, a famous haunt of folk on honeymoon, and beyond it, on Wansfell, can be seen Dove Nest, where the sweet unhappy singer, Mrs. Hemans, lived for a time.

The voyage ends at last at Waterhead Pier, and at Ambleside, just beyond, with its quaint irregular streets and profusion of flowers, the pilgrim finds himself on the threshold of the Wordsworth country.

A coach runs over the four miles by Rydal Water to Grasmere, and this, alike for its natural beauty and its poetic memories, remains the most interesting part of Lakeland. Beyond the quaint old Bridge House the Knoll was the dwelling where Miss Martineau entertained the authoress of "Jane Eyre," and close by the charming Rydal village rises Rydal Mount, where Wordsworth spent his last most prosperous, least poetic, years. Thence the road runs on by Rydal Water, where Wordsworth's Seat is pointed out, as well as Nab Cottage, where the opium-eater, De Quincey, and Hartley Coleridge dwelt. Above, it ascends the Rothay, and winds along the shore of Grasmere Lake. Here stands Dove Cottage, where Wordsworth brought home his young wife, Mary



110. SHAMMERY ACROSS WINDMILL R.

Shammery across the hill to the left of the Windmill River, 1900. See also W. 1900, p. 1.

The Lake District

Hutchinson, and spent his most poetic years, and where afterwards, for long, De Quincey lived.

Grasmere village, at the north end of the lake, remains still remote, delightful, and unspoiled, and might still afford home and inspiration for a score of poets. Thence the pilgrim, when he can draw himself away, may take coach northward over Dunmail Raise, where the last King of Cumbria lies under his battle-cairn, and by Thirlmere, under the steep side of Helvellyn, to Keswick on Derwentwater, the centre for the Cumberland Lakes. But another coach runs southward by the west side of Grasmere, between Elter Water and Loughrigg Tarn, and over the picturesque Brathay Bridge, to Coniston, at the head of Coniston Water.

Here in the village churchyard lies one of the most picturesque of English writers, John Ruskin. Brantwood, on the opposite shore, was his home in his later years, while, as the little steamer sweeps down the lake, the pilgrim may see, opposite the little pier of Waterhead, Tent Lodge, for some time in his earlier days the home of Alfred Tennyson. It is interesting, too to remember that Linton, the famous wood-engraver, and Gerald Massey, the poet, also had their home in this region for a time.

A pleasant run by coach from Lake Bank Hotel, at the foot of Coniston Water, brings the explorer down the side of the River Crake to Greenodd and the railway again, and, some dozen miles or so to the south-westward, this brings him to Barrow.

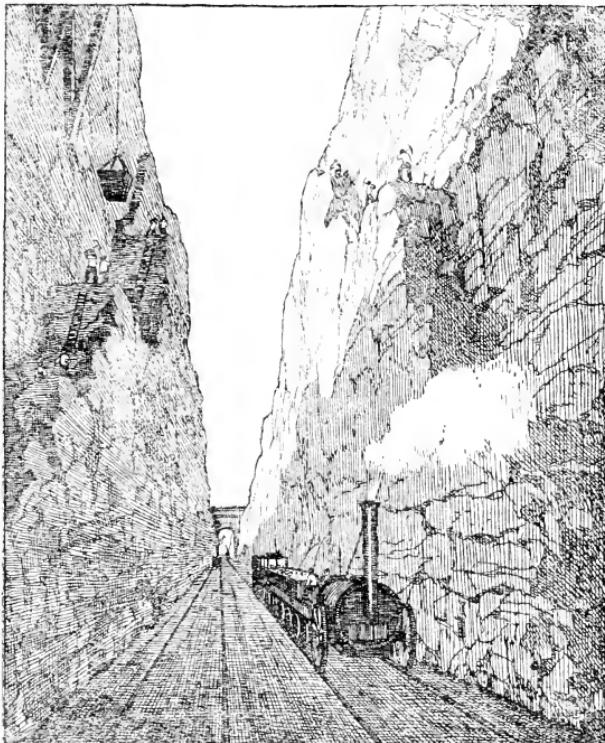
London and North-Western Railway

Though the chief modern fame of this place is its shipbuilding and its iron industry, it has in its neighbourhood an interest of another sort. Furness Abbey is one of the four finest monastery ruins in the kingdom. The other three are Tintern Abbey, Fountains, in Yorkshire, and the Scottish Melrose. Founded in 1127, in the Vale of Deadly Nightshade here, by Stephen of Blois, afterwards king, it was for centuries second only to Fountains in power and wealth, and the reluctance of its Abbot, Roger Pile, can be understood when the order came from Henry VIII. that the monastery must be dissolved. It was only at the sight of his monks being carried off to prison that he at last consented to put his name to the dire deed. Among other works accomplished within these walls, the pious Jocelyn, in the end of the twelfth century, wrote his famous “Life of St. Kentigern.” The Abbots of Furness had a stronghold, known as Peel Castle, in the estuary to the south, and it was there that Lambert Simnel landed to pretend that he was one of the sons of Edward IV. murdered in the Tower by Richard III., and to claim the throne of Henry VII.

North of Barrow the railway-line runs up the shore of the Duddon estuary, and from Broughton Station one may go by coach up the beautiful valley whose charms are sung in Wordsworth’s poem, “The River Duddon.” Still farther westward up the coast, at Ravenglass, there is a narrow-gauge railway by which Eskdale may be explored, and from Seascale one coach

The Lake District

runs by the wild and lonely shores of Wast Water to Wasdale Head, at the foot of the frowning Scafell, thirteen miles away, while another goes by Coldfell to Ennerdale Water, the westmost of all the lakes.



Making a Cutting.

Then from Seaside one may go on by the railway northward, either keeping round the coast by St. Bees and Workington, or following the inland line by Egremont and Lamplugh, and so, by the Keswick Railway to Penrith, complete the round with the Cumberland lakes.

London and North-Western Railway

On the way, St. Bees, of course, is famous, not only for its ancient church and its modern lighthouse, its theological college founded by Bishop Law in 1816, and the memory of its monastery founded by St. Bega in 650, but also for the very human fact that hither the poet Shelley came to woo and wed “the grey-eyed maiden of St. Bees.” Workington, too, is memorable as the landing-place of Mary, Queen of Scots, in her flight after the Battle of Langside—her room is still shown at Workington Hall; and Cockermouth keeps the house in which Wordsworth was born, as well as the ruin of the Norman stronghold, built of Roman remains, which was captured by King Robert the Bruce in 1315, and entertained Queen Mary in 1568.

A little way eastward from Cockermouth the explorer finds himself again among the interests of the lakes. Crummock Water and pine-circled Buttermere lie up the valley to the south, and the railway itself skirts the southern shore of Bassenthwaite Lake, under the slopes of far-famed Skiddaw. Macaulay makes effective use of this landmark in his “Spanish Armada,” when he describes how the signal of threatened invasion was flashed from beacon to beacon across England :

“Till Skiddaw saw the flash of light on Gaunt’s embattled pile
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.”

Under the sunny southern slopes of Skiddaw the pilgrim may make his headquarters in the pleasant little town of Keswick, while he extends his excursions to the other and more famous lakes in the neighbourhood.

The Lake District

The place itself has many interesting memories. The well-known novelist, Mrs. Lynn Linton, was born in Crosthwaite vicarage, and one of her tales, "Lizzie Lorton," has its scene set in the district; while Greta Hall was the abode of Coleridge and of Southey, who lies buried at Thwaite, not far away. Also at Chestnut Hill that other stormier poet, Shelley, set up house in 1811. He was seventeen years of age, had just been expelled from Oxford for writing a tract on atheism, and had made that marriage in haste which he and his child-wife were to have reason to repent at leisure, and he scandalized the quiet country-folk here with his wild views and proceedings. Even the industries of the spot are of a sort that seem to relate to literature, for the chief of them are the pencil factories at Greta Bridge.

Almost from the door of Keswick the lovely Derwentwater, with its woods and islands, stretches its silver lane away among the hills. Each of the islands has its memories. The cell of St. Herbert, devoted friend of St. Cuthbert, is still to be seen on the island that bears his name; and on Lord's Island may be made out traces of the mansion of the amiable Earl of Derwentwater, whose life was one of the forfeits after the failure of the Jacobite Rebellion of 1715. It is



A Guard.

London and North-Western Railway

remembered yet how, after his trial, his wife gathered her jewels together here, and, white with fear and misery, hastened off to buy at any cost, if possible, the life of her beloved lord. The famous floating island is only sometimes to be seen on the quiet waters, but the Falls of Lodore for ever sing the lullaby to which Southey gave such charm. From Friar's Crag, on the lake side, John Ruskin as a child had the first view of Derwentwater, which he never forgot ; and Borrowdale, with its strangely poised Bowder Stone, at the upper end of the lake, is said to be the most beautiful of the lakeland valleys.

From Keswick also there is easy access to Thirlmere, by the Vale of St. John, where the scenes are set of Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." Among the crags at the foot of the lake is still pointed out the fairy castle described in the poem, which disappears upon one's near approach. And from Thirlmere side one may climb "the mighty Helvellyn," 3,118 feet high, and cast an eye over all the glories of the lakeland region.

Last of all, but by no means least beautiful and famous of all the lakes, is Ullswater, best reached from Penrith, on the main line of the London and North-Western Railway, where the branch line from Keswick comes in.

A number of quaint memorials survive yet in the little red-stone town itself. In the Gloucester Arms is still to be seen the wainscoting which covered the walls when the house was the residence of the ambitious

The Lake District

and ruthless prince, afterwards King Richard III. ; and in the churchyard is pointed out the grave of the gigantic Torquin of Arthurian times, who kept carrying off the fairest girls of the country-side to his den till his crimes reached the ears of the king, and a champion was sent to slay him. In Penrith, on his retreat towards Scotland, Prince Charles Edward lay on the night when Lord George Murray was fighting the rear-guard action on Clifton Moor to the south. He was still sulking on account of the refusal of his officers to proceed farther at Derby, or he might have listened to Murray's request, sent back reinforcements, and routed the Duke of Cumberland completely, in which case there might have been no Culloden. On the hill behind the town still stands the square beacon tower from which signals of invasion were flashed north or south in days gone by ; and from the slope below was painted Martin's famous picture, "The Plains of Heaven."

Ullswater lies six miles south of the town, but the walk or drive is not without its interests. After crossing the Eamont it passes between two mound-circled areas known as Mayborough and King Arthur's Round Table. The Table was one of the places of trial by single combat in early times. Dacre Castle, too, of which a glimpse is got, was the scene, according to William of Malmesbury, of the submission of the Kings of Scots and Cumbria to the English Athelstane in 927. Then the nine-mile sail up the lake from

London and North-Western Railway

Pooley Bridge makes a voyage of enchantment. Some glimpses, like that along the lakeside at Stybarrow Crag, are a poet's dream of loveliness, and there are poetic and romantic memories enough about the shores. Ulf, or L'Ulf, an early Lord of Greystoke, it was who gave his name to the water, and L'Ulf's or Lyulph's Tower here was made the abode of the seer in Scott's "Bridal of Triermain." It was on a spot by the shore that Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy saw the flowers which inspired "The Daffodils"; and at the inn at Patterdale, at the head of the lake, in 1803, the same poet and Humphry Davy foregathered with Scott and his wife for the climbing of Helvellyn, which rises at hand. From the same spot many a ramble may be enjoyed up the becks and dales, and a holiday might indeed be well spent if one explored no farther than the neighbourhood of this lovely lake and the hamlet at its head.

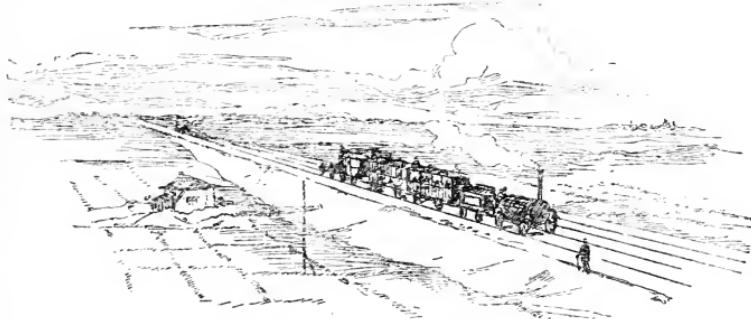
CHAPTER XII

ACROSS THE BORDER

AFTER all, perhaps, the most interesting associations of the London and North-Western Railway occur in connection with the part it plays as the great West Coast Route to Scotland. It is strange now to think of the day when the putting of an army of 50,000 or 100,000 men across the Scottish Border was a tre-

Across the Border

mendous national undertaking, which taxed England to the utmost. To-day this railway line alone transports as great a host across the Border every month without fuss or disturbance, and in as many hours as it took weeks in times gone by. And perhaps nothing has done more to finally cement the union between the two countries, which once were so often at war, than this link of constant and easy communication between North and South.



On the L. & N.W.R. in Early Days.

In particular, as the autumn of each year draws on, it is a mighty host that sets its face towards Scotland on holiday intent. Shooters and fishers and golfers, as well as the crowd drawn by the charm of natural scenery and romantic legend alone, all make in a steady stream for the land of brown heath and shaggy wood.

Hardly has the pilgrim moved a yard across the Border when he finds himself amid the thrilling associations of old romance. Just over the march the

London and North-Western Railway

sunny slope of Gretna Green village seems to echo yet the hoof-beats of romantic runaway marriage-parties of a hundred years ago, and the whole country beyond that, northward, is strewn with the memory of heroic action and romantic happening. To the right lies Solway Moss, where the last army of James V., rebelling against the command of Oliver Sinclair, was cut to pieces by a small English host—a disaster that broke the heart of the Scottish king ; and to the left stretches the “ Redgauntlet ” country, and the shining quicksands and racing tides of the Solway shore that have so many terrible tales to tell.

At Kirtlebridge the traveller is near the scene of one of the finest and most famous of the old Scottish ballads, “ Fair Helen of Kirkconnel ” :

“ I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries :
Oh that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnel lea !

“ Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

“ Oh, think na ye my heart was sair
When my love dropped down and spak' nae mair ?
There did she swoon wi' meikle care
On fair Kirkconnel lea.

“ As I went down the waterside,
None but my foe to be my guide—
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnel lea,

Across the Border

“ I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackit him in pieces sma’—
I hackit him in pieces sma’,
For her sake that died for me.

“ O Helen fair beyond compare !
I’ll make a garland of thy hair,
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee.

“ Oh that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries,
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, ‘ Haste and come to me ! ’ ”

The whole scene of the tragic episode is still to be seen—the spot on the secluded bank of the stream, now marked by a flowering thorn, where the fair Helen was walking with her chosen lover, Adam Fleming, when his rival, Bell, of Blacket House, appeared on the opposite bank, and levelled his carbine at Fleming, upon which Helen leapt between and received the bullet in her bosom ; the spot farther down the stream where the rivals met, and the murderer was “ hackit in pieces sma’ ” ; and the little kirkyard in the sunny seclusion of the glen edge above, where, a few years later, Fleming, returning from the wars, stretched himself out on Helen’s grave and expired.

All Scotland is full of tales like this, and of memories of the great men who have made the history of the country. Here at Ecclefechan is the birthplace of Thomas Carlyle—a humble workman’s home ; and yonder at Lochmaben rises the mighty castle ruin,

London and North-Western Railway

covering sixteen acres, that was the stronghold of the Bruce. At Moffat is to be seen the house in which the carousal took place which Burns has celebrated in the best of all his drinking songs, “Willie brew’d a peck o’ maut”; and in Douglasdale stands the shell of the castle which was the home of the mighty Douglas race, whose hands were sometimes stronger than the king’s.

Of the countless stories told of this fastness none is more famous than that of the return of the Good Lord James. It was when Bruce came back from Rathlin Island. Douglas came with him, and, after the taking of Turnberry, made a journey through the passes of the hills, to find his castle occupied by an English force. He laid his plans, and waited till Palm Sunday, and when the English garrison were at service in the little Kirk of St. Bride, with a sudden shout of “Call all! Call all!” he broke in upon them, and hewed them to pieces. Afterwards he staved the wine-casks among the meat and malt in the castle cellar, slew his prisoners upon the heap, and above the mess, remembered as the “Douglas Larder,” burned down the castle itself.

Clydesdale has many memories of the Covenanters—the people who, in the days of Charles II. and James VII. and II., were chased and shot upon the moors for their refusal to attend the services of the Episcopal clergy forced upon them at the point of the sword. Among the Leadhills is the Enterkin Pass, a steep,

Across the Border

narrow defile threaded by a bridle-path, on which a party of dragoons escorting a Covenanting prisoner to “justice” were surprised in the mist by one or two determined country-folk, and made to let their prisoner go, before discovering the fewness of the men who threatened them. At Covington Mill are to be seen the bed, the hiding-place, and the spot of arrest of Donald Cargill, once a minister of the High Church at Glasgow, but afterward one of the most uncompromising of the persecuted folk, who was carried from this place to execution. At Priesthill, on the lonely moors above Glenbuck, are the ruined croft-house and grave of “the Christian carrier” John Brown, who, for the part he had taken in the armed rising at Bothwell Brig, was shot before the eyes of his wife at his own house-end by the dragoons of Claverhouse. At Drumclog, near Strathaven, lies the battle-field on which a little band of the persecuted folk met at a “conventicle,” or field-preaching, withstood an attack of the terrible dragoons, and, with scythes and similar weapons, nearly captured Claverhouse himself. Bothwell Brig is the spot where their undisciplined levies, in the very act of cashiering their officers, and appointing a more godly sort, were attacked and cut to pieces by the Government army under the Duke of Monmouth. And at Ayrs Moss, where the fugitives made their last stand, is to be seen the spot where Richard Cameron, the leader, prayed thrice aloud, “Lord, spare the green and take the ripe!” and was himself the

London and North-Western Railway

first to fall. The earliest stone on the spot is referred to in a famous verse of "The Cameronian's Dream" :

" In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the moorland of mist, where the martyrs lay ;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen,
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green."

Edinburgh Castle has also its gallery of tremendous memories. Taking its name from Edwin, the Northumbrian king, who founded the stronghold before 633, it keeps the chapel built by Margaret, queen of Malcolm III., and sister of Edgar the Atheling, through whom the line of Alfred the Great came to be represented by the Scottish kings. After the storm and struggle of thirteen centuries it forms the treasure-house to-day of the ancient Regalia of Scotland, including the crown of Robert the Bruce, and within its walls is to be seen the room in which the son of Mary, Queen of Scots—James I. of England—was born.

But not less interesting than the romantic memories of Scotland is the wonderful and magnificent scenery. Moffat, on the main line of the railway, is the gateway of the famous ballad-country about St. Mary's Loch and the Dowie Dens o' Yarrow. At Biggar the pilgrim may turn off to explore the strangely storied region of the Upper Vale of Tweed. And at Lanark the famous Falls of Clyde pour for ever through their mighty gorge.

Then there are noble regions farther north to see. The whole Firth of Clyde, with its sea-lochs and islands,

Across the Border

and the hundred towns and villages scattered along its lovely shores, forms an inland sea of far-spread magnificence and variety of charm, perhaps matchless in the world. There are the Trossachs, between Callander and Loch Lomond, with their vistas of wood and water, and their glories of purple mountain and golden strath, over which Scott has thrown the glamour of romance with his tale of the royal huntsman, James Fitz-james, and the Lady of the Lake. There are the silver lochs and far-reaching glens of the glorious Grampian region, of which Crieff is the centre — a country of countless wild clan legends of days gone by. And there are, perhaps finest and most famous of all, the West Highlands and the Hebrides — the country of the clans *par excellence*, and the dominion of the great Lords of the Isles in unforgotten centuries. Oban is the centre of that region, and the railway line thither, winding away through the mountains, by sylvan lochside and primitive clachan, by brawling torrent and



BIRMINGHAM STAGE-COACH,

In Two Days and a half; begins May the
24th, 1731.

SET Out from the *Swan-Inn* in *Birmingham*,
every Monday at six a Clock in the Morning,
through *Warwick*, *Banbury* and *Alebury*,
to the *Red Lion Inn* in *Aldersgate street, London*,
every Wednesday Morning: And returns from
the said *Red Lion Inn* every Thursday Morning
at five a Clock the same Way to the *Swan-Inn*
in *Birmingham* every Saturday, at 21 Shillings
each Passenger, and 18 Shillings from *Warwick*,
who has liberty to carry 14 Pounds in Weight,
and all above to pay One Penny a Pound.

Performed (if God permit)

By Nicholas Rothwell.

Reproduction of an Early
Coaching Bill.

London and North-Western Railway

mountain tarn, through gorge and pass and rock-strewn glen, is the most picturesque railway-journey in the land.

Of all the holiday regions in the world Scotland is probably the finest and most famous. Sportsmen of all sorts—shooters and fishers and golfers in particular—look to it as their happy hunting-ground. And fitly enough it forms at once the climax and conclusion of the account of that long day's journey of ever-changing, but never-failing, interest which the traveller enjoys who sets forth from Euston by the West Coast Route of the London and North-Western Railway, with his face towards the magic of the North.



BEAUTIFUL BOOKS FOR BOYS & GIRLS

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
SIMILAR TO THOSE IN THIS VOLUME

PRICE 1/6 NET EACH

“TALES OF ENGLISH MINSTERS” SERIES

By ELIZABETH GRIERSON

EACH VOLUME CONTAINING 6 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
(2 OF THEM IN COLOUR)

Large crown 8vo., paper boards, with picture in colour on the cover

CANTERBURY

ST. ALBANS

DURHAM

ST. PAUL'S

ELY

YORK

LINCOLN

PRICE 1/6 NET EACH

RED CAP TALES FROM SCOTT

STOLEN FROM THE TREASURE-CHEST OF THE WIZARD
OF THE NORTH

By S. R. CROCKETT

EACH VOLUME CONTAINING 8 FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS
IN COLOUR

Large crown 8vo., cloth, with picture in colour on the cover

WAVERLEY

THE PIRATE, and A LEGEND

GUY MANNERING

OF MONTROSE

THE ANTIQUARY

FORTUNES OF NIGEL

ROB ROY

QUENTIN DURWARD

IVANHOE

PRICE 2/- EACH

"PICTURES OF MANY LANDS" SERIES

EACH CONTAINING 62 ILLUSTRATIONS, 32 OF WHICH ARE
IN COLOUR

Crown 4to., cloth, with picture in colour on the cover

THE WORLD IN PICTURES

By C. VON WYSS

THE BRITISH ISLES IN PICTURES

By H. CLIVE BARNARD

THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN PICTURES

By H. CLIVE BARNARD

PRICE 3/6 EACH

ALL WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

Large crown 8vo., cloth

By ASCOTT R. HOPE

BEASTS OF BUSINESS

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
G. VERNON STOKES and ALAN WRIGHT

By DEAN FARRAR

ERIC; or, Little by Little

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
G. D. ROWLANDSON, and 78 in Black and White
by GORDON BROWNE

**ST. WINIFRED'S;
or, The World of School**

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
DUDLEY TENNANT, and 152 in Black and White
by GORDON BROWNE

**JULIAN HOME
A Tale of College Life**

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
PATTEN WILSON

By Lieut.-Col. A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN

THE GOLDEN GIRDLE

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

**BY STANLEY WATERLOO
A TALE OF THE TIME OF
THE CAVE MEN**

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
SIMON HARMON VEDDER

By JOHN FINNEMORE

**THE STORY OF ROBIN HOOD
AND HIS MERRY MEN**

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

THE WOLF PATROL

A Story of Baden-Powell's Boy Scouts
8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
H. M. PAGET

JACK HAYDON'S QUEST

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
J. JELLINE

**THE KING WHO NEVER
DIED**

Tales of King Arthur
8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
FRANK WATKINS

By ANDREW HOME

BY A SCHOOLBOY'S HAND

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
STRICKLAND BROWN

FROM FAG TO MONITOR

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

EXILED FROM SCHOOL

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

PRICE **3/6** EACH

ALL WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

Large crown 8vo., cloth

By DANIEL DEFOE

ROBINSON CRUSOE

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

By CAPTAIN COOK

COOK'S VOYAGES

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

By MUNGO PARK

TRAVELS IN AFRICA

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

By HUME NISBET

THE DIVERS

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
the Author

By the DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM
AND CHANDOS

**WILLY WIND, AND JOCK
AND THE CHEESES**

57 Illustrations by J. S. ELAND
(9 full-page in Colour)

By ASCOTT R. HOPE

STORIES

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
DOROTHY FURNISS

By the Rev. R. C. GILLIE

**THE KINSFOLK AND
FRIENDS OF JESUS**

16 full-page Illustrations in Colour
and Sepia

PRICE **3/6** EACH

LIFE STORIES OF ANIMALS

Large crown 8vo., cloth

THE BLACK BEAR

By H. PERRY ROBINSON

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
J. VAN OORT

THE CAT

By VIOLET HUNT

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH

THE DOG

By G. E. MITTON

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

THE FOWL

By J. W. HURST

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART and MAUDE SCRIVENER

THE RAT

By G. M. A. HEWETT

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
STEPHEN BAGHOT DE LA BERE

THE SQUIRREL

By T. C. BRIDGES

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

THE TIGER

By Lieut.-Col. A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
HARRY DIXON

PRICE **6/-** EACH

ALL WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

Large square crown 8vo., cloth

By Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK and Mrs. PAYNTER

**THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF
GARDENING**

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
Mrs. CAVLEY-ROBINSON

By Miss CONWAY and Sir MARTIN CONWAY

**THE CHILDREN'S BOOK
OF ART**

16 full-page Illustrations in Colour from
Public and Private Galleries

PRICE 6/- EACH

ALL WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR

Large square crown 8vo., cloth

By G. E. MITTON

THE BOOK OF THE RAILWAY

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF STARS

Preface by Sir DAVID GILL, K.C.B.
16 full-page Illustrations (ix in Colour) and
8 smaller Figures in the text

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF LONDON

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
JOHN WILLIAMSON

Translated and abridged by DOMINICK DALY
THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
STEPHEN BAGHOT DE LA BERÉ

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

16 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
STEPHEN BAGHOT DE LA BERÉ

By ELIZABETH GRIERSON
CHILDREN'S TALES OF ENGLISH MINSTERS

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF CELTIC STORIES

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

THE CHILDREN'S BOOK OF EDINBURGH

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

CHILDREN'S TALES FROM SCOTTISH BALLADS

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
ALLAN STEWART

By DUDLEY KIDD

THE BULL OF THE KRAAL

A Tale of Black Children

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
A. M. GOODALL

By ASCOTT R. HOPE

ADVENTURERS IN AMERICA

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
HENRY SANDHAM, R.C.A.

THE ADVENTURES OF PUNCH

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
STEPHEN BAGHOT DE LA BERÉ

By S. R. CROCKETT

RED CAP TALES

Stolen from the Treasure-Chest of the Wizard of the North

16 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
SIMON HARMON VEDDER

RED CAP ADVENTURES

Being the Second Series of Red Cap Tales
Stolen from the Treasure-Chest of the Wizard of the North

16 full-page Illustrations by ALLAN STEWART and others

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

WILLIAM TELL TOLD AGAIN

16 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
PHILIP DADD

By JOHN BUNYAN

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
GERTRUDE DEMAIN HAMMOND, R.I.

Edited by G. E. MITTON

SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
HARRY ROUNTREE

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

8 full-page Illustrations in Colour and many others in the text

By J. C. TREGARTHEN

THE LIFE STORY OF

A FOX

12 full-page Illustrations in Colour by
COUNTESS HELENA GLEICHEN

